

PALLANTUS

AND

EUDORA

A

Tragoëdie.

Written by

MR. HENRY KILLIGREW.

MART.

Victurus Genium debet habere liber.



LONDON.

Printed in the Year, 1653.

PALLANTUS

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The Publisher to the Reader.



When this Play came first abroad into the World, it found the approbation of the most Excellent Persons, and best Masters of this Kind of Writing which were in that time, if there were ever better in any time; *Ben. Johnson* being then alive, who gave a Testimonie of this Piece even to be Envy'd. Nor doe I know more than One Objection, that was ever made against it, Which was, The indecorum that appar'd to Some in the Part of *Cleander*, who being represented a Person of seventeen yeares of age, is made to speak words, that would better sute with the age of thirty. But the Answer that was given to One, that cried out upon the *Monstrousnesse* and *Impossibilitie* of this thing, the first day of the Presentation of this Play at the *Black-Friers*, by the Lord Viscount *Faulkland*, may satisfie All Others; and if the Considerableness of the Answer, and Answerer, be duly weigh'd, may serve no lesse for an Ornament and Patronage to the Author. The passage was thus. This Noble Person, having for some time suffered the unquiet, and impertinent Dislikes of this Auditor, when he made this last Exception, forbore him no longer, but (though he were one he knew not) told him, *Sir, 'tis not altogether so Monstrous and Impossible, for One of Seventeen yeares to speak at such a Rate, when He that made him speak in that manner, and writ the whole Play, was Himself no Older.* I shall say no more of the Worth, or former Opinion had of this Piece, it being in hand, to shew what it Merits, or Merits not.

A few things I have to adde, concerning my present Publication, which are these. That this Play never saw the light in its true Shape till this day: a former Impression there has been of it, but One, not onely deform'd with all the Errors of an Uncorrected Presse, but what might else proceed from a false and imperfect Transcript; the Originall Coppy being then (together with the Writer of it) in *Italy*. Who was so farre from consenting to the printing of his Book at that time, that he had not then Corrected those parts of it, which he was forc'd to passe over with lesse care, by reason of the hasty calling of it out of his hands, by the Entertainment for which it was desig'nd. So that (I may say) the former Impression is no better than a *Corrupted Fragment*, or *Foul Draught*, of what this Play was intended, and differing so much from what it now is, that if the Corrections, Expungings, and Additions, be consider'd, it is almost the one half otherwise. This hath made me likewise impose a *New Name* upon it: for it is a Creature now wholly at my Disposition, and belonging to me, not as to a Plagiary, but a Susceptor, or Foster-father, that has taken up this Child long since Ejected by the True Parent. And my desire, is to have it shew as little Affinity and Resemblance as is possible to its Anti-type; whose Prejudices it can no way better remove from it self, than by shewing them False, and Despising them.

MART.

*Multum crede mihi, refert, a fonte bibatur
Qua fluit, an pigro qua stupet unda lasu.*

The Persons of the Play.

The King a Usurper.

Timeus his Sonne.

Polyander }
Minetius } two Lords.

Comastes a buffonish Lord.

Coracinus }
Argestes } Servants to Timeus.

Harpastes }
Melampus } two Villaines.

Cleander the true King of Crete,
a Youth.

Clearchus a stranger Prince.

Pallantus first Prince of Crete, dis-
guis'd.

Aratus }
Phronimus } three great Lords.

Eurylochus

Haimantus Admirall of Clearchus
Fleet.

Acates Tutor to Cleander.
Flamen.

Poet.

Waiters.

Guard.

Souldiers.

Eudora Sister to Timeus.

Rodia her Woman.

2. Ladies

Hianthe Sister to Cleander.

Melissa her Woman.

2. Ladies

CHORUS
of
Priests and People.

The Scene
CRETE.



PALLANTUS and EUDORA

A

TRAGEDY.

[ACTUS, I. SCENA, I.]

A Banquet set out. Loud Musick. Enter the King, Comastes, Aratus, Polyander, Phronimus, Eurylochus, and Menetius.

King.



O happiness like the Fools, *Comastes?*

Com. No, none Sir. Hee's mirth it self, and the cause
Of it in others. They say, all pleasure
Is a shadow; then that which we enjoy,
Is onely the shadow of a shadow,
Hardly the Picture of what he embraces.
Our delights are faint, thwarted with fears,
Disgusted by the conscience, and after

An hour of pleasure, succeeds a week of
Repentance: in which time we live by Rule,
And not by Nature; laugh not, though the jest
Be good; nor rage, though at a just cause;
But sickly whisper out our sayings,
As if they were our last. When the Fool lusts
With his whole soul too, and sins till hee's weary;
Knows no conscience, but his Want-that-way, nor
Remorse, but Disability. *King: Ha, ha, ha.*

Com. Nature never shew'd her liberality
More, than to those she was sparing of her
Best gifts to. She houses Wisdom in a
Body full of decays, such as requires
Her whole strength to bear up the ruine;
Measures his legs with the Spiders, gives him
Pale, and wan looks, scarce alter'd from the earth
He was made of. Where to the Ideot, she
Bestowes a body, equal with the Bulks
Of Trees, and armes as thunder-proof, makes him
A strong, a large, and healthy Fool. *King Ha, ha, ha.*

Ara. Fit Lectures for such a Schollar.

King Well Comastes,
Thou shalt not want for a Coat, if that will do't.

Com. Send me a Mind too with it, and you have not
A greater present for your Neighbour-Princes.

King Come my Lords let's fit. And fill up our Cups,
Make them like our joyes, still full and flowing.
Thus it should be my Lords in a state that
Knows no troubles: let unhappy Princes,
Whom losses do afflict, and fears affright,
Make Annual-Feasts; but we whose even affairs
Do follow one another, and do keep
Their just Periods, though the Reines are loose,

And their Guide sleep, seeming rather so to
Have faln-out, than so caus'd : each day shall
Be a Triumph, each hour a Feast.

Ara. We may chance to find one out for Funerals.

King A health to all, and a long peace.

Com. You are melancholly *Aratus*.

Ara. You are rude *Comastes*, and let me tell you —

Poly. O let his Lord-ship alone. He's one of those
Which say their prayers backward for the State.

Ara. You are the Foxes that thrive by it.

Phro. *Aratus* your anger is unseasonable,
And the *King* marks it.

King How now *Aratus*?

What's the matter? Our Table should know no frowns,
And then least, when we our self forbears 'em.

Ara. Royal Sir, I ask your pardon. He wak'd me
Something rudely, and got a froward answer.

King What, all dead? Fill another round, our Wine
Moves not. Here *Polyander*, to thee —

What think'st thou of *Comaste's* happiness?

Poly. I think Sir, 'tis as dull, as foolish.

There cannot be a fence of pleasure, where
There is so little fence. Greatness is the Centre
Of all happiness, and felicity.

Like our Lands at first, is ty'd to the Crown.
Kings comes near unto the Gods, and are like them
Both in power and pleasure; do command all,
Enjoy all, are miserable onely in having
Of too much, and wanting what to wish for.
Theirs is the dazzling happiness. 'Tis idle
Therefore to prefer Private Joyes before
The Crown-pleasures. The King may throw by his
Greatness when he please, and be poorly happy;
But the Begger will nere sigh unto a Scepter.

King Why I *Polyander*, ther's some life in this,
A little heaven even in the apprehension.

Aratus art not thou of this opinion?

Ara. Not I Sir, nor of my Lord the Fools there.
Kings are more miserable, than they seem
Happy; flatter'd by themselves and others,
Into a joy that is not, and what they feel,
They rather do imagine than find so.
Yet I grant too, a King may be happy,
But not then as a King. Felicity
Is a Purchase, and no Inheritance,
Nor has the Prerogative more than one life
In't ever, it dyes still with the Buyer.
Troubles are the good Kings profession,
In the Wars the first Dart is thrown at him,
Where oft times his happiness is in a
Glorious death; or perhaps his God-like Raies
Are pluck'd from him by some accursed hand,
And so falls less happy, being after
Vainly wish'd so by a poor revenge he
Knows not.

Com. Very Grave, and unseasonable!

Thus your Lord-ship gets the reputation
Of Singularity, which the Vulgar

Suspect to be Wisdom. *Ara.* Sir you see
How this place and my freenes are injur'd.

King Mirth, onely mirth *Aratus*. He means
Thy speech would better have become a Counsel,

aside

Comastes strikes *Aratus*
on the shoulder.

Than a Banquet. *Timon* welcome. Nay
Keep your seats. Would thou had'st been partaker
Of our Mirth. *Time*. Sir, when my actions, or my age,

Enter *Timon*.

Shall make me worthy of your ease and pleasures,
I shall be a thankfull sharer : but till then,
Your Troubles will become me better than
Your Sports, and Cares will sit more lovely on
My Brow than Roses. Sir, those that are about you
Seek to drown your Vertues. *Ara*. Your Highnesse meanes

None here ? *Time*. I name none here my Lord. *King*. Nay *Timon*,

Thou nere look'st friendly on our pleasures.
Time. I must confesse Sir, I had rather see you
Eloudy than thus Wet ; nor are my Wishes
Impious. *Polyander*. *Poly*. My Lord.

Time. How basely that Smile became thee. I had
Rather thou had'st answer'd me with a Blow
Than such a Look. I thought to have ask't thee
Something, but I see thou art unworthy
Of a brave Demand. Thy Skill lies onely
In the Curiosity of a Meal,
To say at the first touch o'th' tongue. this is
A Chian, this a Falernian Wine.

streight by the colour of the flesh to know,
Whether the fowl were cram'd, or whether fed,
Prethee *Polyander*, how far the Wind
When this Bore was slain ? Were not these Apples
Pull'd the Moon Encreasing ? Degenerate !
I have seen thee put thy face into a Frown,
And were't so constant in that look, as if
Thou had'st no other. *Poly*, Sir, when you shall find,
Or make a cause, I'll put them on again,
Here they'll but four the Entertainment.

Com. You see, my Lord, they are not drown'd, they live
Still under water. *Time*. Like thine, Beast.

King Prethee *Timon* let us enjoy our Mirth
While the Gods give it : the time will come,
That we shall wish for it, and not have it.
On my Conscience thou could'st be content
To have Enemies, onely that thou might'st cut 'em off.

Time. I am sorry, Sir, if I have offended
Against your Mirth, it was not my intent.
I came to bring you News. *King* News ? What is't ? Good ?

Time. 'Tis as you shall esteem of't Sir : There's
A Stranger Prince arriv'd. *King* Hither ? *Time*. Yes Sir.
His Visit's forc't by a Storm, as he pretends.

King. What ere the Occasion is, he shall be
Welcome. The time's far spent. *Aratus*, it
shall be thy Employment. From us fairly
Salute the Prince, and tell him, though the Seas
Have been Unfriendly, the Land shall Court him.

Ara. Great Sir, you highly Honour me.

Phro. So, now we have time to speak : What think'st thou, *Exeunt all but Aratus,*
Aratus of these passages ? *Arat*. Well, bravely well. *Phronimus, and Eurychmus.*

Eury. Your speech strook desperately at the King :
He will not swallow it without some touch of jealousy.

Ara. 'Tis no matter. He cannot crosse us now.
We have not tan'e so many yeares to build
A Work up, and then to have it ruin'd
With a push. No, he that will shake't, must first
Overthrow a Kingdom, a Prince, a Law, so large
The Extents are : Nere did Plot thrive like it,
It has infected with the Holy Sore

The greatest part o'th' Realm, and catches daily;
 Like some Unheard of New Opinions
 Streightned at first, and prison'd in the brests
 Of two or three, gain strength by Time, and Eares,
 And daily fed by curiosity,
 Thrust out at last the Old, and most Receiv'd,
 And grow the whole Religion of the Place.
 When we have call'd our Party forth, the Work
 Will seem done, the thin Numbers that are left,
 Not deserving the Name of Enemies.
 The Tyrant then will see himself no more
 A King, but onely the Wretched Cause of Warre,
 His Power being ravisht from him.

Phr. While the fruit's thus ripe, why doe we let it grow?

Eury. And spoil perhaps? *Arat.* We will no longer, onely
 A little Ceremony detaines us

To Crown our King, that past, our actions
 With our thoughts shall then contend in swiftnesse.

Phro. How sped your visit to the young Prince?

Arat. Most happily: O had you seen with me
 The Dear Cause of this our Danger, how Cheap
 Would you have thought the Greatest for his Sake,
 And stood contemning Life, thinking your bloud
 Ill-stored within your veines, when that his service
 Call'd it? sure 'twas some such Shape and Sweetness
 Which first flav'd men, and gain'd a Rule, before there was
 A Kingdome. *Eury.* You forget your Message to the Prince.

Arat. 'Tis true; pray bear me Company, we may get thanks
 For our Complement another day.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Harpastes.

Harp. Devill, whether wilt thou hurle me? The Ship
 Sunk under so much Ill, nor can the Earth
 Bear us both together: the greatest Hills
 Presse not her face with half that Load; one thought
 Of Goodnesse made me lighter than the Waves,
 And in an instant taught me how to swim.

Enter Melampus to him.

Melampus: *Melam. Harpastes!* *Harp.* Are we onely scap't?

Melam. I hope so. *Harp.* Then the Storm has plaid the Hangman,
 And sav'd us Innocent. *Melam.* Innocent! What's that?
 It has sav'd us so much labour, and a broken head perhaps.

Harp. The Wrack was great, and full of horror.

Melam. How the rogues pray'd, and roar'd above the Waves.

Vow'd whole heards of Off'rings for their safety.

But Neptune sav'd 'em Charges, and took the
 Verier Beasts. *Harp.* We scapt miraculously.

Melam. I hope you'll burn no Bullocks to the Sea.

Harp. No, my Vowes were of another Nature.
 I vow'd to live well, and change my bloody purpose.

Melam. Thou did'st not mean in Earnest?

Harp. I did then, but I no sooner toucht the shore,
 And safety; but my Old thoughts return'd.

Melam. Come, wee'll goe claim our Hire, and swear we kill'd him
 Before the storm. Our Fellowes dead-pay will
 Fall to us. Wee'll demand for losses, I,

Enter Pallantus.

And our dangers too. *Harp.* If my Eyes deceive
 Me not, here comes one will deny the payment.

Melam. 'Tis he, how the Devil scapt he? Be resolute, and second me.

Pallan. How now friends, amaz'd at what's past? Dangers
 Ore-blown are Dreames, no more to be esteemed of,
 Within this hour you would have given a world,

To stand thus had it been yours ; let not smaller
 Losses then afflict you. The greatest Riches
 Are trifles after such Deliverance.
 Our Birth-day was not half to us so happy,
 As is this Minute, then we had no fence
 Of Life, now we perceive and joy in't —

They assault him, and he kills 'em.

What mov'd these Villaines hatred ? Sure they know
 Me not : Nor did I ere see them before
 This Voyage ! They could not hope for Money :
 There's more in't. Let me see — What's here, a beard ?
 Black patches ? Sure 'tis their trade they are so
 Furnish'd. Both are of the same profession.

He searches 'em.

He finds a Letter about the last.

*I am glad to hear you have found Pallantus, receive this man the bearer into your
 Company and Counsell, and if your secret practises fail you, assault him openly, and
 by violence perform the Murder ; let the one or the other be done speedily, my imploy-
 ments here for you are many, and instant.*

Your Lord and Friend, Timæus.

Art thou the Lord, my wonder then is o're !
 Thy Treachery was ever greater than thy Hate,
 And that too was something more than Malice,
 Above the search of Innocence, a Knot
 Unto the subtil'st Traitors, a Rid dle
 To thy self. Were not thy Home-Cruelties
 Enough, but thou must maintain thy Factors
 Out for lives in Forrain Kingdomes ? I have
 Lain hid so long, am now so New Form'd by Art,
 No friend can know me, Hate, thy Eyes are more
 Percieving far than Friendships. I have not
 Dared to Name my self, because with it I doe
 Name my Father, and yet thou hast me perfect.
 Him, with many more, that were to Good to look on
 So much Ill, as thine, and thy fathers Lives,
 Were made away. — Some God give me temper,
 Or too much Rage, instead of a Revenger,
 Will turn me a Stock, a Fool. Hear me yee
 Banisht Gods (for I may justly fear
 If that your powers are absent any where,
 'Tis from this place where Tyranny doth raig)
 On this Altar I doe vow, to be your
 Martyr, If not your surviving Instrument,
 Nere to let fall your Vengeance, till it light
 On those which slew the King, your King, the
 Image of your Goodnesse. Which kill'd the Prince,
 And dared to say that he was lost, lost indeed.
 Which on the Princeesse doe intend a Rape,
 Their Marriage is no better. Which slew
 My Father, and last resolv'd on me.
 Had I a thousand lives I'd 'gage them here,
 And think your judgement yet not bought too dear

Enter Aratus, Phronimus, and Eurylochus.

Arat. In the name of wonder what art thou ? *Pall.* Why ?
 What am I Sir ? *Arat.* Nay, I know not,
 Nor does any but an Antiquary,
 Or a Conjuror, certainly, Th'art no Man,
 Or if thou be'st, I am sure none of the
 Last Edition. *Pall.* Were your Troop absent,
 I'd make you find I were without those helps.
 Tis so long since you saw a Man, a true One,

That you know not when you meet one. Your Lordships
 Glafs shewed you none this morning. *Eury.* Whence camest thou?
Ara. I, that I'd fain know, here's no hole open
 In the Earth. *Pall.* From Sea. *Ara.* From the bottom sure,
 Above Water nothing floats like thee.
Phro. Of what profession art thou? a Soldier?
Pall. Yes. *Ara.* Thou shouldst be hang'd for thy very looks
 If thou wert not, they are excusable
 In no Calling else. *Pall.* I know ye all, but
 At this time will not be known unto you.
 These are some insolent Scoffers, that breath
 Their Wits on all they see weaker than themselves
 Against they meet the Fool next, I wrong my self
 To talk to 'em. *Eury.* Dost hear? *Pall.* None of your wit yet.
Eury. Thou bleed'st! *Pall.* Was't that made me such a wonder?
 I do so. *Eury.* And much blood is spilt upon
 The Ground. Know'st thou the cause? *Pall.* Yes, I was
 Assaulted by two Rank Rascals, which I
 Let blood, and cured. *Phro.* Hast thou not kill'd, and rob'd 'em?
Pall. Sir your thoughts are base. And you do ill thus
 To insult upon my Innocency. Rob'd 'em;
 Money's more below my thoughts, than Earth:
 My Education has been Noble, and
 Though the Midwife wrapt me not in Purple,
 Nor Princes Gossipt at my Birth, I have
 Dared to be as Honest as the Greatest.
 My Word hath commanded more, than all your
 Lands and Money. Those Deeds which I have done,
 Dishonesty dared not to have look'd on.
 They would have frighted your Lordship, if but
 Told you toward bed-time. *Phro.* I never saw
 Such fierceness! *Ara.* I begin to admire this fellow!
Eury. Where hast thou bestow'd 'em? *Pall.* behind there.
 If you search 'em you may find more. What Money
 They had, the Sea wash'd 'em clean of before their deaths.
Phro. Why, were they cast away? *Pall.* Yes, but it seems,
 They had a Land-fate. *Ara.* Who's here, rogues limbs?
 Their two heads a piece? *Phro.* Here's a Paper speaks 'em
 Most notorious Villains. *Eury.* They were proper men.
Ara. They were so. Did'st kill 'em both, alone?
Pall. I told you once so, and am not proud of't
 To boast it o're again, and tell you how I did it.
Ara. Trust me th'art a brave fellow.
 And I admire thy stoutness. Thou look'st
 As if thou hadst been Nurc'd in perils.
 Darest thou with us confront a Bold One?
 But as Honest, as 'tis Great. What say'st thou?
 Canst thou like of us? *Phro.* Thou shalt not find us
 As we appear'd at first. *Pall.* While ye talk thus
 I can. And in your Business, if Honesty
 Go yok'd with Danger, it cannot fright me then.
 No, though all the Monsters of Sea and Land,
 And Hell to boot, were fram'd into one Horror,
 I'd face it, Charge it, and wager a life
 I'd Conquer it. *Ara.* Thy words go high as thunder.
Pall. Pardon my words, if my actions bear up
 Equal. *Ara.* I believe they will,
 And dare promise thou wilt do wonders.
 Let me embrace the——Th'art welcome to our
 Friendship. Mine eyes did look on thee unworthily
 Before, me thinks th'art Comely now, thy scars
 Are so many Graces, not set by an

aside

they search the
villaines.

Effeminate, but by a manly, and
A War-like skill. Business calls us hence, thou shalt not
Part one Minute from me. Thy wounds needs help,
Come, thou shalt Heal before me.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter *Clearchus*, and *Haimantus*.

Cle. Have you commanded all the Mariners
Aboard, each Captain to his charge, bid the
Souldiers fill the Decks with their full numbers,
And display their Colours, lest nothing wanting
That may add to the Glory of the Navy?

Him. Sir, all things are in their Pride and height.
The Captains Bravery seems to lend brightness
To the day, and like the Sun, throwes raies, and light
About 'em: Nor lookstheir Gold less awful,
Than the Souldiers Steel. On the Ships appear
The Joy and Riches of a Conquest, and yet they
Keep the Order of a joyning-battel.

There wants nothing to make a War-like, Princely,
And well-commanded Navy, but your Presence Sir.

Cle. I would not have them think us such Poor Men,
That we are drove to seek for their Relief,
To sue for Bread and Water; but rather
That we come like Noble Woers, full of
Rewards and Presents, able to return
All favours we receive, and equally
To honour Them, that honour Us, as Great
As they. It shall appear, that he that is
Master of such a Fleet, may style himself
Prince, though Lord of nothing else.

Him. The people
Flock upon the shore, and with one Voyce say,
You come to fetch their Princess. Sir, you have
More than their Consents already, you have
Their wishes too.

Cle. I marry *Haimantus*,
Such a Jewel would make the rest look dim!
There are two Ladies in this Isle (if fame
Say true) the wonders of the World! When Nature
Made them, she summon'd her whole God-head,
And unwearied wrought till she had done,
I orm'd each limb as if she had begun there:
She seem'd to practise on the World till then,
And what like beautiful she fram'd before,
Were but Degrees to this Height, these the Ascent,
From which she now must fall! They made her Older
Than the labour of a thousand years —

Serv. Ther's a great train, it seems from Court, coming
To your Highness.

Cle. Come, lets meet 'em.

Enter a Servant.

As *Clearchus* is going out, *Aratus*, *Phronimus*,
Enrylochus and *Pallantus* meet him.

Ara. Sir, the King congratulates your safety,
And is glad of your Arrival, though the Cause
Were dangerous. You would have Oblig'd him
Much Sir, if you had been bound for *Creet*.

Cle. The King is Royal, and chides me kindly.
He binds a Stranger ever to his Service.

Ara. His Majesty expects you'll honour him
With your Presence this night at Court.

Cle. My Lord,

I shall wait upon him. But I must first
 Entreat, you'll favour me with your *Company*
 A ship-board. I shall not need to *expose*
 A *Souldiers* Entertainment, I doubt not,
 But your Lordships knows it well; *Courtnesse* and
Plainnesse are the Praise of it. *Arat.* Sir you are
 The Envy of your Neighbour Princes, you
 So farre exceed them in a Brave Command;
 I nere was happy in the like fight before.
 And my Lord, they that can boast the strangest,
 Have not seen one so Common, and so Rare.
 Your Navy lookes, as if she wore the Spoiles
 Of a whole Land, or came to purchase 'em.

Clea. My Lord you'll make me proud. Your presence yet
 Will adde unto its Glory.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Timens, and Coracinus

Time. Found dead upon the shore! *Cor.* I my Lord,
 Thrown into a Cliffe. *Time.* Were they drown'd?

Cor. 'Tis believ'd not, my Lord: for many fresh Wounds
 Were found upon their bodies; and yet their Clothes
 Were wet. *Time.* 'Tis strange! Were there but two? *Cor.* No my Lord.

Time. That's stranger yet. Reward the Men that found them,
 And bid 'em make no farther enquiry
 After their Deaths, nor speak of it. Let it
 Die with you too, doe you hear? The Villaines
 Have rob'd at their return, and got their deaths
 That way. I nere could spare 'em worse; the State
 Stands in greater need of theirs, than of the
 Sword of Justice. *Rodia.* *Rod.* My Lord.

Exit Corni.

Time. Is your Lady to be spoke with? *Rod.* Alwayes,
 My Lord, by you. But now she's coming forth.

*He calls Rodia,
 and she Enters.*

Enter Eudora.

Time. Save you sweet Sister. *Eud.* O y'are welcome Sir.

Time. Sure *Eudora*, *Venus* and the Graces
 Had their hands to day about you! You look
 Fairer than your self, and move in the Sphear
 Of Love and Beauty; *Cupid* has taken
 His Stand up in your Eyes, and shootes at all
 That come before him! Pray *Venus* he misse me.

Eud. When doe you grow serious? *Time.* These are the Fair Looks
 Must captivate the Stranger Prince in a Free Country?
 And th is the Dresse that must inchant him? ha.

Eud. There is no Charm in't certainly; it pleas'd
 Me the least of Many. No, 'tis your Fair
 Mistresse, that beares those Love-Nets about her:
 If the Stranger 'scape her, he's safe. *Time.* 'Had better
 Kill his Father, and then gaze upon the
 Spectacle, than look upon her with the
 Eyes of Love. *Eud.* Nay then you are unjust.
 Would you have him stronger than your self was?
 If he for that be guilty, the same Doom
 Must belong to both alike. *Time.* But I have
 Prevail'd so far, that he shall be free, both
 From the danger of Love, and seeing.
 Nor must You make up his entertainment.

Eud. I was Commanded to be ready, and
 Attend there. *Time.* But now the Commissions alter'd,
 And runs in the Other Sencc. *Eud.* I shall be

Corac.

Content to obey either. May I not
Know the cause? *Time.* You may. **We would not feed**
The Prince here with hopes to get a Wife. This
Was the Storm that drove him in. Nor must you
Onely for this time forbear his presence,
But while he staies. He's unworthy of you.

End. If you know him so, I shall then without
Excuse denie his Visits. But I think
This businesse may be borne a Nobler Way;
Nor will the End Fail, though the Meanes be Fair.
Leave it to me: If he Sue with Honour,
He will take an Honourable Answer;
Though he gain none from me, I'll get his Love,
And send him home no lesse a Friend, than if
He were a Husband. By my Restraint, you'l
Onely procure unto your self, the markes
Of Jealousie and Rudenesse, and fouler Staines,
If that the Crime were nam'd to the desert.
Besides, it does proclaim in Me too such
A Weaknesse, as I am much asham'd of.
Had he a Face adorn'd with the Graces
Of both Sexes, Beauty, and Manlinesse,
And these (after the Custome of the Roman
Princes in their Statues) Engrasted on
On the body of some God, I could look on,
Converse, I, and neglect him too, when I
Have reason for it. Fear not me then.

Time. I doe not, I know thee strong, the Honour
Of a Kingdome may lean with safety on Thee.
But he will linger here too long, besot
The State with Feastings, and in this Jollity
Give Opportunity to Treacherous
Practises. He must be us'd ill, there are
Reasons for it. *End.* Is there then a Policie

In Rudenesse? Why doe you not rather send
A Defiance to him? Proclaim him Enemie?
This were Nobler far, than to receive him
In your armes, and then Affront him; say **Health,**
And with Poyson in the Cup. Are you so much
Below him? *Time.* There are greater thoughts in hand,
Than Curious Points of Gallantry. If he send
Any Present to you, you must return it
Back with Scorn. *End.* pride is ill **beginning,**
And hateful, even to the next Proud man does
Practise it. *Time.* Then take 'em, and laugh at him.

End. No, where my thanks are too much, I'll rather
Return Gifts for Gifts. I should shame to be
A gainer on such a Score, which the Meanest,
Honest Purchaser would blush at. *Time.* He'l take

Those Gifts for Favours. *End.* **They will not prove so,**
Yet He will deserve some, as he is a **Stranger.**

Time. Not from You. Presents the State will send him.
You hear my Fathers Will. You must not see him
While he staves! *End.* I doe, and shall eas'ly keep
That I doe not care to break. *Time.* Farewell.

End. Must you be gone? *Time.* There's a little business
Calls me. *End.* If it be but a little, stay.

Time. Onely the Welcome of the Stranger.

End. 'Tis too much to hinder.
I see a Causelesse, and a Needlelesse Rage
Hid in your breast. The Prince may be Noble,
Valiant; if you receive him then with Scorn,

Hee'l prove a stronger Enemy, than those
 Unworthy Ones you fear at home, whose own
 Actions daily ruine, and whose ill-made
 Knots, will loosen faster than they tie 'em.
 You have prevail'd with me, I'll not be wonn
 To see him now: but let it not Appear
 By your Default, and that my Retirement,
 Is onely in scorn to him: which will be
 Made plain, if that you change not this Face you
 Have put on. It becomes you at no time.
 A Prince should alwaies Smile, or look indifferent.
 He has no need of Frowns, as other men.
 Life and Death are in his breath, and if any do
 Offend, his Revenge is known, and need not
 Be declar'd by Face-expressions. Where there's
 Power to Punish, 'tis Tyranny to Rage.
 Anger is no Attribute of Justice,
 'Tis true, she is painted with a Sword, but looks
 As if she held it not. Though War be in
 Her Hand, yet Peace dwells in her Face. Learn once
 Of me, and when you have no Cause of
 A Distemper, expresse none. Now you have made
 All sure, doubt not; but receive the stranger
 With fearless and confident Imbraces.

Time. I will, or at least I'll tell thee so, when
 Thou perswad'st me thus. Farewel *Endora.*

Exit Time.

End. Thy subtle Plots will ruine thee at last.
 Valour and Policy do seldom meet;
 Yet here they are in their Extreame in One;
 But do most strangely Divide the Owner.
 Make him Dread none, and yet confirm him not
 Within a Guard.

Exit Endora.

CHORUS.

What can our Wishes deprecate,
 When Vice is seen, both Law, and Fate?
 When for the good o' th' Commonweal,
 The Councell's cal'd, to Plot a Meal.
 And Beasts brought in with solemn Cry,
 As Spoiles got from the Enemy?
 Whose life's the Table, and the Stage,
 He doth not Spend, but Lose his Age.
 The Kings eyes, like his Jewels, be
 Set to Adorn, not to Fore-see:
 And as his Crown, he thinks each thing,
 Runs round in a continued Ring.
 But Sacrifices Crowned he,
 And Garlands fit for destinie.

Fates thus we fear have writ this Lott,
 That Wine shall lose, what Blood hath GOTT.

[ACTUS 2. SCENA I.]

Enter *Clearchus*.

IS this your Royal Entertainment?
 A common Host would have given one as Civil,
 Have shewn his Guests their Quarter, and then left 'em
 To stumble out again. My Receivers ~~are~~
 Are all vanish'd — An undeserved Affront
 Will trouble me — Neither of the Princesses
 Were in the Train; they might have trusted 'em,
 I could have gag'd a Kingdom for their security —
 Was not that fellow drunk? Now they begin
 To Muster up again. Here I stand like one
 That learns to make his first Honour in a
 Dauncing School — Sir by your favour. If your
 Business calls you not, pray let me intreat
 Your Company a while.

*One passes by him reel-
 ing, and by and by after
 another. Last of all Me-
 lissa, they all make re-
 verence to Clearchus,
 as they pass. Enter
 Comastes.*

Com. Troth and't like your Highness, I am in halt, in very great halt. The King has sent for me, and I know he's thirsty till I come. I would your Highness were as resolute, and as well Arm'd this way as I, *you'd be the welcom'st man — He loves a Royal-Drunkard to admiration; he never saw one yet, but in a Glass. Sir, have you any business with him? You need no other Orator than such as this; such a Mouth without a Tongue, will persuade any thing. Yet this is o'th least, fit onely for Physick-dayes, when he would not surfeit; a meer Toy that troubles the Wayters with often filling. But I have One, as high — Here's nothing to measure't by; but 'twas that made me so Inward with him; I alwayes use to Petition him with it; 'tis bigger than any of his own, and pleas'd him above Measure. The first time he saw it, he commended the Gallantry of my Mind, and said it was a Noble Emulation in me! He has a Daughter Sir, a beautiful Lady, my Hopes, unless some Neighbour-Prince do Reel betwixt us. Your Highness comes the right way, he hates a dry, In-land Traveller; but that you Kiss the Cup, when you should Drink; and have too much Bounce, and Down-with-him in you; which are things he surfeited of, some sixteen years since, and still the very Names turn his stomach. Besides, your Navy and Attendants are too great, he'd have esteem'd more of you, had they been fewer, enough onely to lean on, when you were Overtaken; or if you had wanted those, and borrowed his unto your Chamber, it had been better: Where he finds Worth, the Pomp delights him not. Your pardon Sir.

** He shewes a
 great Gob-
 let.*

Exit *Comastes*.

Clear. Why here's a fellow now! With what Licence
 He belies his Master, or speaks Truths
 Altogether as Unpardonable! Sure
 He has his Patent for't! I find at my
 Return from Travel, I shall want Names
 For all the Monsters I have seen.

Enter *Aratus* to him.

Ara. Though your Highness be here a stranger,
 I may demand of you where the King is.

Clear. If none know more than I, my Lord, y'ave lost
 Your King. *Ara.* Sure he is not well,
 I hope he is not: with a safe Loyalty,
 I may wish, he hath a Dangerous Cause,
 Rather than none, to take him from a Prince,
 The first Night of his Arival in his Court.

Clea. My Lord, I have found much Honour in you,
 One that knowes to shew more Civility
 To a Stranger, than he can deserve,
 And y^e are unhappy onely at this time
 In an Unworthy Choyce: but if still you
 Can continue this Noblenesse (though the
 King frown) I shall gladly make some stay; at least
 Till I have satisfied a Strangers Curiosity,
 And may seem rather to have left the Place,
 Than to have been thrust from it. *Ara.* Believe me Sir,
 Both your Reception, and this Necessity,
 That you are drove to seek so mean a Service
 As mine, doth shame me much. 'Tis not the use
 Of this Kingdome to be thus Uncivill,
 Nor is't our Custome, as it hath been this day,
 To Coop our Ladies up, as if the fight
 Were Dangerous; their Beauties will indure
 The Test, and we dare trust 'm to't. 'Twas
 Unkindly done, I know one Look of theirs
 Would have given a Welcome to a Young Man,
 Above the highest Cost. *Clea.* My Lord, you know
 To speak a pleasing Language. *Ara.* We have two
 Princesses Sir, Few Nations can shew such Jewels;
 Yet onely one is Orientall,
 The other's Artificiall, but an
 Excellent Gem too; One of them, the True One,
 I doubt not, but I have credit to shew
 Your Highnesse; but 'tis not to be purcha'ft,
 That happy Opportunitie's already past,
 And the Now Owner Esteems it above
 His Wealth, his Life, I and his Honour too.

aside.

Clea. Yet, my Lord, blesse me with the sight. I can
 Rejoyce at so much Excellence, though
 Another doe possesse it. And no doubt
 As much of the Owners felicity, lies in Strangers
 Admiration, as in his own Possession.

Ara. All but Jealous Men think so: and they count
 Themselves Rob'd of all happinesse in their Wives,
 Others receive; engrosse as Covetously
 Their Beauties, as their Persons, and think themselves
 Cuckolded by a Womans Commendations.
 But my Lord, I'll leave you. I was going
 To the Princess before I met your Highnesse.
 I know few words will gain so easie a request.
 To morrow, and daily, I'll wait upon
 Your Highnesse. *Clea.* My Lord, you have engaged me
 Your Servant, beyond my hope of freedome.

Exeunt severally.

Enter *Hianthe*, two Ladies, and Waiters.

Hian. Nay, you must bear it patiently.
 My Dominion extends no further than
 These Roomes, and beyond them I grant nothing:
 How will you endure the Strangers Delays,
 That thus hardly brook his Coming? The King
 In Complement, will not permit the Winds
 To serve sooner than a Moneth, were that all
 His stay: but here must be Masques and Triumphs
 Before he goes, and the Subject yet not known
 For the Ope, nor Ornaments made for the Other.
 Perhaps a League must be Concluded,
 And then I would not live to be so Old,

As to see the End of't. The Meanest persons
Require a Month to fit themselves, a Prince
Cannot turn in lesse than a Season.

1. *Lady* May we not see the Garden, Madam ?

Hian. No, nor the Day, but through a Window.

2. *Lady* We'l petition him, under the title
Of distressed Damsels, that must passe the
Flour of their Age in Imprisonment,
Unlesse he'l travell to his own, or some
Other Country, to gain 'em Freedome.

Hian. He'l think we are held by some Enchantment,
That his Absence, and not his Sword, must gain
Our Liberty. O *Melissa* welcome.

Now we shall see the Shew, though but as sick
Persons, by Relation. Say, what hast thou seen ?

Mel. The scurviest Entertainment — I did not
Think it possible, so short a Time could have
Prepar'd one so ill : 'Twas thought on before,
And' paines taken to Order it so much
For the Worfe. This was the first day that ere
Me thoughts the King, and my Lord *Timon*,
Lookt like the Father, and the Son. The King
Had on his Old Councell Face, which all hope't
He had forgot, and this was the onely time
These many Yeares, he should not have worn it.

They both imbrac't the Stranger as coldly,
And carelessly, as I have seen our Common
Fencers doe, that are immediately
To Fight with one another after. This
Behaviour in the Great Ones, was presently
Observ'd like a New Fashion, and in
An instant the whole Court was in't, from the
Bravest, to those that follow a Fashion
Onely, when 'tis to leave off something, I mean
Our poorer Gallants that go in *Quirpo*,
And look not as if they were Hot, but wanted
A Cloak. Marry their wits were not so Changeable
As their Faces, and having but One Sute
Of Complement, and that now Unfashionable,
They were fain to supplie it with Leggs, and Silence.

Hian. How lookt the Prince at this behaviour ?

Mel. Much above it, in my Opinion, two foot
Higher than my Lord *Timon*, though not
Altogether so tall. These four Looks, were
All the Without-door Shew, which ended,
In a solemn March, they returned all into
The Palace. The Strangers seem'd, rather to
Follow with a silent Consent, than on
Invitation. There the presse shook me off,
To find this out for your Highnesse Mirth.

And at my return, as I least expected,
I found the Prince all alone, where any body
Might have seen him for nothing. The *Grecian*,
And the *Trojan* Captains in the Hangings,
Were all his Company : with whom he seem'd
Well suted, had they been alive, his Looks
Were as Daring as theirs, and standing so,
Bred much Comparifon. *Hian.* Know you the reason
Of this behaviour ?

Mel. No Madam, yet
If I would, I might have learnt of many :

The whole Companie were Politicians.
There was one Yeoman-Statesman inform'd most

Enter Melissa

*She shewes a Roll
of paper.*

About

'About him ; and his Conjectures, go for
Currant Truths next Post into the Country.

Hian. Well, now tell us what you have got there for
Our Mirth.

Mel. A precious piece of Poetry,
Which I have been the Patroness of, from
The first Non-sence in't, that is, from the first line.
There's much mirth intended in it, and I
Doubt not by your Highness will find it.

The Author himself is an Embleme of
The first Comedies, in which One acted All,
And will make you laugh, though you saw him
Every day. I have brought him along with me,
He staves but till his admittance be granted.

Hian. No prethee *Melissa*, 'twill be too much.

Mel. I beseech your Highness. And do but smile
Upon his Learning. *Domine, Domine.*

Look, look. I told you what you'd do. You are
So forward. *Poet.* I can presume. *Hian.* Ha, ha.

Mel. Hold your peace with your presuming. You should
Let the Princess speak. This is the Author,

Madam. *Hian.* *Lad.* Ha, ha, ha. *Mel.* What think you your Play
Will do, when one Scene of your self breeds all

This Mirth ? *Poet.* *Hum.* *Hian.* *Melissa.* *Mel.* Your Highness—

Hian. Prethee discharge him, I am notable
To look so much laughter in the face, and
Contain my self, to save my Modesty.

Mel. So, 'tis well Sir. The Princess has taken
Notice of your Worth, and commanded me
To reward you. Attend to morrow, and
You shall receive it. And pray see that her
Highness have all your Labours, as you call em.

Hian. Oh 'tis well we dress us not. Here all take
Papers, and sit down, we'll chuse our several parts.

Enter Clearchus and Haimantus.

1. *Waiter.* Who were they past by ?

2. *Waiter.* I know not ; but certainly
They understand what they do, they went on
With so much Confidence. *Clear.* Where are we now ?

Haim. Certainly in no danger Sir. *Mel.* The Prince !

1. *Lady.* The Prince ? 2. *Lad.* The Prince ?

Clear. Madam, our bold Mistake has thrust us on
Too far, to retire without Excuse, which
We shall hardly make, unless your Favour
Meet us. We are strangers that thus have err'd,
Unfortunately I must not say, that

Were a Rudeness greater than the other ;
Yet we ought to esteem this your Disturbance
A Fault, though to us a blessed one, and
Hath confer'd a happiness, our best Deeds,
Could not have deserv'd. *Mel.* This Entrance was

Something abrupt, and beyond the Intent
Of our *Poet.* *Hia.* A strange accident *Hiam* !

Was it the Prince that spoke ? *Mel.* Yes Madam ; but
'Twas improper here. *Hian.* Art thou sure 'twas he ?

Mel. I am Madam. Her Highness is troubl'd,
I see a Prince is too high a Personage
For a Comedy, and spoyle the Mirth of't.

Hian. *Melissa*, I have something to impart to you.
When the Company leave me at Night,
Attend me in my Chamber:

*The Poet enters rudely, and
seeing the Princess, steps
back as rudely.*

Exit Poet.

*The Ladies and
the Princess rise
up amazedly.*

*Exeunt Clearchus
and Haimantus.*

Exeunt Hian and Ladyes.

Enter

Enter *Aratus*, and *Palantus*.

Ara. Madam, a little of your Company,
I beseech you. *Mel.* My Lord *Aratus* save you.

Ara. A proper Salutation for so fair
A Lady, whose beauties are Destructive.

Mel. Your Lord-ship's very Conceited. 'Tis the
First Jest, I dare say, was ever made on that

Poor saying. *Ara.* What do you look at? Do you want
A Servant? *Mel.* Bless me, my Lord! what Thing

To fright us have you there? *Ara.* Why I pray?
Because he's Black? The fitter for a Lady.

Mel. For a Lady! I never saw such a Devils Play-fellow!

Ara. He's white within, all Snow, and Milk.

Mel. They are put into an Ink-bottle.

Ara. What, you'd have one that spends more Milk bout a
His Face, than he suck'd in's Child-hood; that dresses

Himself in Gloves, as if one Part were too good

To do service to the other; and dares not

Shew his hands for shaming of his Mistresses;

Nor commend Hers, because his own are Whiter.

This is One neglects his Outside, beyond

A common Cleannefs, and bestows that Care

Upon his Mind, there wastes his four Hours

Of Dressing. And what the other do's exceed

In Spruifeness, he'll make up in Service.

Pay Respects unto his Ladyes Vertue,

Not unto her Muff. And if at any time

Danger do approach her, fearless he dares

Beat it back, or make it Welcome by his

Noble Fall. Himself in Presence guards her,

And his Memory in's Absence. Come, pray

Spoil not his Hopes among the Ladies.

He's a young Courtier, and wants a Mistress.

Mel. I am turn'd when I hear reason.

I beseech you my Lord, let me be she.

Ara. I thought 'twould come to this. You make the furthest

Way about, the nighest to your Ends, Love,

By discommending. Pray let him salute

You then. *Mel.* Not unless you'll stand by me.

Ara. Well, I warrant you. My friend. *Pall.* My Lord.

Ara. Pray draw near, here's a fair Lady, gladly

Would salute you, Now you're at Court, you must

Lay by your War-like thoughts, and Plot how you shall

Overcome in Complement, and Conquer in Civility.

Pall. My Lord, I should be ashamed to pretend

So much unto the Souldier, as to make

My self Unfensible of so great an

Honour, as this Lady does me by her

Fair Salutation. Though I am Unworthy,

I can be Proud to be her Servant.

Ara. What think you?

Mel. I know not what to think of

So much wonder! What Rarities shall

I be Mistress of, and none Envy me?

Ara. Well, to leave you in that Rapture; may I

Speak with the Princess?

Mel. Yes, she went hence but now.

Ara. May I adventure to go in?

Mel. You may,

But call my Servant along with you.

Ara. You are longing again, but not a bit,

'Tis Sweet-meat, not a bit.

*She looks as she speaks
of Palant. and A-
ra. hinder her.*

Exit Omnes.

Cleander discovered sleeping!

A Song.

WHile Morpheus thus doth gently lay,
His pow'rfull Charge upon each part,
Making thy Spirits even obey,
The stiller Charmes of his Dull Art.

I thy Good Angel from thy side,
As Smoak doth from the Altar rise,
Making no Noyse as it doth glide,
Will leave thee in this Soft Surprise.

And from the Heavens will fetch thee down,
A lively Vision to expresse,
Thy Right unto an Earthly Crown,
"No Power can make this Kingdome lesse.

But gently, gently, least I bring,
A start in Sleep by suddain Flight,
Playing aloof, and hovering,
Till I am lost unto the fight.

This is a Motion still, and soft,
So free from Noyse and Cry,
That Jove himself who heares a Thought,
Knowes not when we passe by.

Enter *Acates*.

Aca. There he sits, and sleep hath seised on him,
Which seldome does so when the Season calls it:
But still he takes it when it comes, not when
'Tis due; when Wearinesse, and not the Warnings
Of the Night doe prompt him to it. He sayes,
To Sleep, because the Day is gone, is to
Perform a Duty, not a Necessitie:
And to Eat at a Certain Hour, to
Satisfie the Time, and not his Hunger.
Nature is the Mistresse of his Faculties,
Which are averse, and refractory to
All Custome; will admit no Lawes, but what
Themselves Enact, nor strictly observe them
Neither. 'Tis a strange Distraction for sixteen
Yeares, a Deeper Melancholy possesses him,
Than does those, that have run the Miseries
And Sinnes of a Long Life. This desolate
Happinesse is all that he enjoys,
And this I am Commanded to take from him.
Cleander, what ho *Cleander*.

Clea. Why are you thus Cruell in your Care? Did you
But know the Felicities you have wak'd me from,
You'd have rockt my sleep for ever: Thought it
A greater Mercy to have kill'd, than thus
To have Disturb'd me. I was wrapt into
The Companie of Men, of Gods, if compar'd
With those we here converse with. Enjoy'd the
Most Excellent things, by a Heavenly Vision,
Shew'd more Excellent and Glorifi'd.
Sate Crown'd a King ore all, and with a Trait'rous

Call,

Call, you have Depos'd me! Alas, how fading
Is my Happiness, which a Small Noise, or
Motion can dissolve, and turn to nothing.

Aca. Let that Reason make you scorn 'em, and aim
At Lasting Ones. *Clean.* Were their longest life but
Three Minutes, and that time Uncertain,
They were yet to be prefer'd before those the World
Holds in highest Estimation. They are pure
And Celestiall Pleasures, to be fed on
Onely by the Phanfic. I'll in, and again
Invite them with a Slumber. *Aca.* I must forbear
My Remedies, 'tis dangerous applying
Physick in a Fit.

Exit Cleander.

Exit Aca.

Enter *Polyander* and *Menetius* at one door,
and *Comastes* to them at the Other.

Com. *Polyander*, *Menetius*. well met. Have yee
Seen the Thing yet? *Poly.* What Thing? *Com.* The Thing that haunts
The Court. It hath something like a Man, and pretends
To be One. He comes to the Ladies, like
A rough Water-Dog among a Flock of Foul,
And they flutter as fast from him, scatt'ring
Feathers as they passe, I mean their Fans, and
Such Moveables. The Guard dare not mingle
With him, he's too boyst'rous for their Company.
One Glance of him, as he pass by th' other day,
Broke the Kings Draught, which a Cubit-Cup could
Nere do— See, see, here he comes, with as many
Patches, and such like properties, as would
Furnish a Casheerd Companie to beg with.
Sure he was Scar-Bearer to some Armie.
Let's observe it what it does: look, look, its
Pleas'd with the Hangings. *Poly.* He cannot be thus
By Nature, nor by Accident! 'has studied
To appear horrid! *Mene.* Danger is not so
Dreadfull in it self, as it shewes in him.

Enter Pallantus.

Com. Well, I cannot forbear, I must enter
Parley with it. What Rare things shall I know,
If I can get it speak! I'll enquire the fortune
O'th' Kingdome for the next thousand Yeares.
That's not worth the asking. I'll enquire when
The Dissolution of the World shall be,
And where it's Treasure lies. He cannot choose
but know the very Heart o'th' Earth. If I
Can't perswade, I'll Conjure something from him.
Bo, Bull-begger, What art thou? Who let thee loose?
Where is any Gold hid? My feares were just.

Nothing but a Charm will do't. *Anael,*
Marfo, Rachimas, Thulnear, Vernoby,
Savian, Vernesa, Ely, Famelron
Ausculia & obtempora madatis meis.

This was not terrible enough, it must be
More powerful yet. I adjure thee by those Bootes,
Thy Velvet Eye, the Taylors work about thee—

Pall. Peace Fool, the King will hear, and thou't be
Whipt for bawling. *Com.* Prethee good Devill, something *Exit Pallantus.*
O'th' other World— *Mene.* Ha, ha, ha, *Poly.* I hope 't has
Satisfied your Curiosity *Comastes?* ha, ha, ha.

Com. Nay, I'll not leave him thus; be baff'd by
A Goblin. I'll follow it to the place
Where it shakes the Chain, that's certain.

Exit Comastes.

Man.

Men. Ha, ha, ha Come let's see the End o' th' Conjurat^{on}.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter *King*, and *Timon*.

King. But these are things for the following Age
Timon, we are hedg'd in beyond all fear,
If Loyalty can prove destructive, there is
Yet some danger.

Time. Because you see a Calm enwrap all round
About you, you conceive 'twill be as Lasting,
As 'tis Pleasing; Tempests, Sir, may contradict you,
Even while you think so. Evils are silent now,
Not done away, they Couch, and lie in-wait,
Sedition walks with Claws bow'd in, and a Close Mouth,
Which onely she keeps for Opportunity
Of Prey. Y'are not to suppose, that all Shut Eyes
Do sleep; they are ne'er more watchful, than when thus
They counterfeit neglect; securely they
Pry into the Depth of things, by seeming
Not to observe the Face, and Out-side,
Your Ruine yet appear, not, and you think
Because it Lurks, y'are Safe. Enemies
Reconcil'd, are like Wilde-Beasts brought up to hand,
Th'ave more Advantage given them to do Mischief.

King. Can the Urnes quicken their Ashes into
Souldiers? Can the Graves and Tombs send forth a Race
Of Enemies? From those that Live we are safe,
They have no will to hurt us; and those that
Sleep in the forgotten Dust cannot. There's
Nothing remaining to our Care, but to
Give thanks; the gods are favourable, and if
We could be grateful, our Felicity
And safety were both summ'd and perfect. I tell
Thee often, thou let'st thy best dayes pass,
Without receiving of that Fruit, that should
Be crop'd from 'em. I did expect thou should'st
Have urg'd me to thy Nuptials, such Cares
Befit thee best, how the Triumphs should be
Ordered, and *Hymen*'s Torch well lighted.

Time. Pray Heaven no other Flames break out,
But such as Mirth shew forth. But Sir, I must
Be bold to tell you, a few flattering Lords
Guild o'er the Defects and Ruines of your State;
They make you call a Lethargie, Security;
And that a Kingdome, which like to Childrens
Houses on the Sand, rear'd up in Sport, and
Toying, will become a Prey unto the Wave
That first approaches it. They can perhaps
Judge well of Meats and Wines, good Table-States-men,
Souldiers at a Banquet, strong to overcome
A Charger, or a Goblet: but Kingdomes
Safeties, are not ow'd unto the Palat,
And the stomach: if these were State-Affairs,
Your Council were most sound, and every Breast,
A Synod. If Musick could now raise Walls,
And Cities as of Old, your Realm would be
Impregnable. *King.* Hast thou yet done? Not all
The Ghosts that I have made, have been thus Cruel
To me; nor at yet their Graves have threatn'd
Half these Evils. Thy Mothers Labour, was
A Conception, to the pains thou hourly
Bring'st upon me. *Time.* Sir, I am sorry. Yet

'Twas

'Twas my Love that so did dictate to me;
 My desire that your sports might follow one
 Another, and succeed so just, that they
 Might seem to bring the season on, and not
 The season them, that thus they might continue,
 Ever; but 'twas then that they might continue,
 And not fail by Treason. But Sir, I will
 No more. I shall hereafter think't more Piety,
 Hand in hand to fall in Perils with you,
 Than my self to bring them. *King.* What would'st thou have?
 The Power I have, is wholly thine. If that
 I never did deny, was not thought given,
 Now I do. Use all the Means thou wilt, by Lawes,
 Or our Prerogative, to remove thy fears.

Time. Sir, I thank you, humbly thus Low I thank you.
 Nor will I in a Complement return
 You back this Power, till I have made you safe.
 I shall work like a Resolute, but skilful
 Surgeon, that dares feel, and search a Wound,
 And if he find Dead-flesh, dares cut it off,
 Or more Corruption, will not spare a Limb.

Exeunt Omnes,

Enter *Clarchus* habited like a *Flamen*.
Aratus, Haimantus, and Pallantus.

Ara. My Lord, *Cupid* put his Hood-wink on you
 He uses to Aime with, and then you could not
 Miss the Mark. I fear, the second View will not
 Prove so Ravishing. The most Excellent Things
 Scarce please twice. *Clear.* My Lord, think not so;
 For were the World dark about her, or I blind
 To all things else; in Her I could find
 Variety enough; and so long as
 Her Beauties were not Eclips'd, I could not
 Envy him that were so plac'd, as to behold
 The World as in a Map. *Ara.* These Habits then
 My Lord, will secure your Visite. Me thinks
 Your Highness becomes them Rarely well!
 Y'are a Person now most Sacro-sanct,
 Twice Holy, made so by your Dignity,
 And Order. We'll go before Sir, and inform
 The Princess of your Coming. You'll draw less
 Suspicion likewise if you walk alone.

*Exeunt all but
 Clarchus.*

Clear. The King of *Crete* is a Usurper.
 His Son's a Villain, by their Masters Blood
 They have reach'd the Diadem, and by
 The Violation of his Daughter,
 Seek to support their Greatness: but this last
 Evil is still i'th' Forge, not yet Compleated;
 And the fair Princess looks on her Destin'd
 Nuptials, as her Rape: her Lover, as her
 Murderer. Fates, I hope, have in their Blest Decrees
 Writ me the Rescuer of this Royal Virgin,
 The VVinner, and the VVearer of this Jewel.
 And neither the Error that threw me
 Unawares upon her close Retirement,
 Nor yet the Flame conceiv'd from Her fair Eyes,
 VVere merely Casual, but things of a Deeper
 And Diviner working. Love, who art Ruler
 Of the Destinies themselves, if Youth,
 And Greatness powerfully do invoke thee:
 If a Vertuous Mind, a Spirit bold, Affections pure,

And Constant Faith, are Oblations gratefull
 To thy Altar, favour my Present Hopes,
 All these I offer to thee. And proudly
 Do exchange my peace and Quiet, for the
 Troubles, and perturbations of a passion.
 Crown but the End, and let all the Doubts,
 The Suffrings, and the Dangers, that ever rackt
 A Lovers Soul, be made my Portion.
 possesse me then with the Fulnesse of thy
 Deity: let not thy Shades and Flourie Bankes
 Withhold thee, make *Paphos* but thy Refuge,
 The Heart's thy Native Soyl, thy Mothers Lap's
 A Banishment to it. But idely I invoke
 The God, while favourably he beckons me
 To Recieve my Vowes, and the Happinesse
 I Sue for, does Attend me. The houre's already past
 That Calls me to the princeesse.

Exit

Enter *Hianthe*, *Aratus*, *Melissa*, two Ladies,
Haimantus, and *Pallantus*.

Hian. May I ever hope to see such Happinesse ?

Arat. To injoy it long, Madam, and know no End
 Of it. *Hian*. Can I be no way assistant
 To the Businesse ? *Ara*. Onely in your prayers.
 'Tis our Task to Subdue the Men; but the Gods,
 Who must with piety be conquer'd, we'll leave
 Unto your Goodnesse: And yet, Madam, me thinks
 The present Opportunitie prompts us
 With a Meanes, to adde both Strength and Reputation
 To our Affaires. This Gallant prince (whose Visitt
 You expect) is not, I find, a Stranger
 To the Interests of *Crete*, nor lightly resents
 The Tyranny it groanes under. The power
 You seem to have ore him, may improve
 This Compassion into a Zeal, to re-instate us
 In the Libertie we have Lost. *Hian*. My Lord
 I'll use my best Endeavours, if I find him fit
 To be Engag'd; Leave this particular to me.

Ara. Madam he's now arriv'd. That's he, in the disguise.

Hian. So fell the Cloud from off the *Trojan* Lord,
 Not able to Contain the Raies it held,
 But being pierc't dissolv'd at Once to Air,
 Exposing to the Worlds Astonisht Eye,
 A Lustre rivalling the Mid-day Sunnes.

Clear. Sure I was Rude, and Barbarous, before
 This Nobler Fire did touch my Heart, and from
 The Wild Inhabitants of the Wood
 Differ'd in Passion onely, and not Reason :
 That without more Amaze I could behold
 Such Brightnesse; and with a Readie Speech Excuse
 The Fault my Error had committed.
 I cannot now find out a Word to sute
 With my Desires; nor does the whole Store
 Afford me One, but what must prejudice
 Her Excellence, and my Estimation of it.
 Pardon Madam, that like the Ascendants
 To the Altar, by Degrees I thus approach you,
 pausing at each Step, and bowing to that Nearnesse.
 Rashnesse was my Crime before, and should I
 Throw that Blot a second time upon my Actions,
 Rudenesse might be justly thought my Nature,

Enter *Clearchus*,
 who puts off his
 Disguise with the
 help of *Haiman-*
tus.

And

And Barbaritie my best Knowledge.

Hian. My Lord, that which you call your Crime, was the Incivilitie of the Court, that left

A Stranger to commit an Error

So unhappy to himself. I dare not

Undertake to Patronize the Act,

Nor yet to Excuse it; I shall believe I have

Obtain'd much, If I may be thought wholly

To Disclaim it. *Clear.* Madam allow me then

To beg your pardon, for the Presumption

With which I made this Visit; that I thought it

A Hard, Nay Injurious Treatment, to be forc'd

To Quit this Isle, before I had the Honour

To look upon you: for since I have beheld

Those Wonders of Beauty you are Mistresse of,

I find my Voyage was too Short, my Hazards

Too Slight, and Few, to be rewarded with so High

A Favour. *Hian.* My Lord, had you directed

Your Words to my Misfortunes, I should have

Acknowledg'd then, you had seen a Raritie,

One in the perfection, and Excellence

Of Misery; but I have no pretence,

No Title unto ought besides my Troubles.

Please you, my Lord, to with-draw unto a place

That admits not so publique an Access.

Your Visit to me is not without all Danger.

Ara. If I would set a Spectacle to the World,

It should be such a Close, Where Vertue

Ador'd Vertue, and Greatnesse bow'd to Greatnesse.

Me thinks the Heavens doe open, and the Clouds

Are spun into a Thread, to let down some God

Unto this Meeting! Let us withdraw,

The power is now descended, and all within

Is Sacred and Mysterious, and if we prie

Into these Secrets, our Curiositie

Will be punisht.

*Exeunt Clearchus,
Hianthe, Melissa,
and the Ladies.*

Exeunt Omnes.

CHORUS.

WHile this Old Poppy thus doth sleep,
And doth in Vice, as Age, grow deep,
Benumbing all the Plants are nigh,
Into a Drowsie Lethargie.
Behold a Nobler Branch appears,
As farre from's Manners, as his Yeares:
O shed Thou then thy Influence,
And we'll resume fresh Beauties thence.

The Fiercer Sweetnesse of his Face,
Presents a Rigour, mixt with Grace;
And though there were a Want of Bloud,
His Worth would make his Title Good.
Vertues so Grown, in so Few Yeares,
Make Him even Such, become their Feares.
On then, and cause the Scepter bee
Thought but Reserv'd, not Snatcht from Thee.

[ACTUS 3. SCENA I.]

Enter

*Aratus, Phronimus, Eurylochus, Pallantus.**Aratus.*

ARe all things ready for the Ceremony?
 The Crown, and Robes? *Phro.* They are, there's nothing wanting
 If the Prince were come. *Eury.* He's now come.

Enter *Clearchus* and *Haimantus*.

Ara. Your Highness is welcom: but I fear it may
 Appear, to a strange Place, and Persons! What
 Do you think my Lord? Are you not fallen,
 Into the Company of so many
 Traitorous and lost Men? *Clear.* Say not so Sir;

You have not Warrant, though you rank your self
 Within the Number. The Place and Persons
 Rather appear to me, as if some Holy Rite,
 Or piece of Sacred Worship were intended.

Ara. My Lord, you understand it right, 'tis a Piece
 Of Holy Worship and Devotion that is

Intended by us. And I may truly say,
 That this our private Meeting, and close Counsel,
 Is more Just and Glorious, than the loudest Deed
 In Court, that all our publick Acts, Edicts,
 And Forms of Law, are dark and impious,
 Compar'd to it. Nay, that this Time, and Place,
 Made holy by our Purposes, hath the Gods
 More manifest and present, than the Altars,
 And the Temples, long since made Void and Empty
 Of a Deity, by those which sue for

Favours, and requests for Him (who justly
 Heard) deserves their Horrid'st Vengeance.
 We are not met here, to Plot a general Ruin,
 For a private Injury; we know and teach,
 That the Greatest done by the King unto
 The Subject, cannot give him Cause to throw off
 His Faith; Kings are petty Gods, and may tempt us.
 Nor is it Want, or desire of Innovation
 That thus stirreth us; we are in the Best-
 Ill-State already. Nor Ambition,
 To strike at that Lawrel, which the Thunder
 Spares; no, we Reverence it, and know, that
 As Men are the works of Nature, so Kings
 Of Jove. But 'tis our Oath, the Sacrament
 We took, which still holds us, though our Lord be dead,
 Until his Successor release us from it,
 By taking of a New One. We are not
 Subjects, but Slaves to Him we now Obey,
 And therefore as Slaves, we ought to hate our
 Master: He was born less than We, and hides
 The Private Man, under the Publick Gown.
 The Purple which he wears, was dipt deep in
 The blood of Innocents to colour't so.
 But I vainly waste my self in Words, here
 Are no Minds to be perswaded, nor Ears
 To be instructed. The sins we are to punish,

VVe all know, and the gods remember.
 Our strength then is all we are to speak of.
 VVhich is more than three parts o'th' Isle, sixteen
 Years Undisturb'd Provision; so carelessly
 VVas that secur'd, which was got by Blood.
 There's but one Lord-ship, small in respect
 Of others, the Tyrants Own Possession,
 That will be Cordial for him; but they are
 So besotted with their Fortunes, that their
 Greatest Aid, will be but in their VVills to
 Do him Service. They may offer up their Lives
 Like so many Sacrifices for his sake,
 But not like Souldiers, they are Unworthy
 Of that Name. They may Dye, but never Conquer.
 VVar was never talk'd of, but in their Banquets,
 Nor dare they Fight beyond a Brawl

Phro. And if we would count part of our Strength
 In their VWeakness, we have no Opposition.
 In the City where They and their Vices
 Are daily seen, nothing is so Contemptible.
 And in Remoter Parts, where Majesty
 Is more reverenc'd, being known onely
 By the Power and Lawes, and where the name of King,
 Hears like the Name of God, even ther e, those sonns
 O'th' Earth, as I may call 'em, dare menace him,
 And pile hills on hills, to set their Bodyes,
 Equal to their Hates. *Enry.* Here we are thee my Lord;
 Can each of raise such Forces, which though
 They fail'd to effect it, yet could make
 The Kingdome fear a Conquest. *Pall.* Your Highness
 Is a Souldier, and though but Young, perhaps
 Have seen already, what others whole Lives
 Have not shewn them; yet wee'l play a Game
 VVe dare invite You to, though you were
 Accompani'd with all the Ancient Heroes.
 VVho had they leave but in their Aery shapes,
 To set on a Tribunal, Spectators
 Of the VVar, this their second Leaving of
 The Earth, should be more grievous to them, than
 Their former Deaths, and they would wish this Isle
 Might be their Elizium. *Ara.* You see my Lord,
 How each can bring his Forces in, and prompt
 The other; Those which have none on Earth,
 Can bring them down from Heaven, in stead of Men,
 Bring Manly Spirits, VVords, and Looks confirming
 More than Armies.

Clear. M Lords, I must confes, with no small pleasure,
 I have heard the Justice, the Strength, the Courage
 Of your Cause. And for the first of which, although
 I never doubted; or from the other two
 (Meant ever to withdraw my Aid) however
 VWeak; yet I am glad to see the Enterprize
 So hopeful: For though most greedily I
 Should imbrace all Hazards for two such Mistresses
 As Justice, and the Excellent Princess,
 Yet where their Interests are Disputed, I cannot wish to see a Danger, what
 Ever weight of Glory I might purchase
 By it. My Lords, the small Force I am Master of,
 Either in my Person, or those Commanded by me,
 Reckon on till you see us Conquer, or lye
 Upon the ground. *Ara.* Our Designs are then succesful
 Above our wishes. *Phronimus* introduc't.

The priest, we are now ready for him. Though
 We need nothing to strengthen our Resolutions,
 Yet we'll take an Oath: 'tis good to have the Gods
 Along with us. A Sacrament is the Tie,
 No less of Loyaltie, than of Treason.
 Here let us all, before this Sacred Witnesse
 Of Faith and Perjurie, make a Holy Vow
 Of Loyalty to Our Selves and Cause.
 And as we draw near to so Divine an
 Essence, consider that 'tis not Gold or Marble
 That we touch, but a Moddle of a Sensible
 And Living Power, which has Vouchsaf to be
 Imbrac'd by One Hand, when the Vastnesse of
 Our Thoughts could not comprehend it.

Exit Phronimus.

*Phronimus returns with a
 Flamen, bearing in his
 hand an Image.*

Now we are ready for the Prince. *Eurylochus*
 Conduct him in. Your Grace shall see a Stronger
 perswasion, than any you have yet heard,
 The lively Image of Her you so much Serve.
 He Knowes not yet his Fortunes, but I dare
 Warrant He'll bear them bravely. He has read
 The Lives of Kings, though he never acted
 Any; and you shall perceive he's Princely-Born,
 Though not bred in Court.

*Here they all seem to take an Oath,
 by Kissing of the Image.*

Exit Eurylochus.

Royall Sir, y'are welcome!
 Start not at the Name, it is your Due, You
 Were born to the Title: and I doubt not,
 Though you never heard it thus appli'd before,
 'Tis not altogether Strange unto you.
 There was a Spark, which in the first Womb,
 After a Speciall Manner was infus'd
 Into you, and is another Soul
 Within you; as the One Informs your Body,
 So this Informs your Soul; we may call't
 The Difference of a King. That will tell you,
 We are all here your Subjects, and this
 No Strange Philosophie I teach. And though
 This Rich Perfume hath hitherto been wrapt
 In this Disguise of Learning, and defended
 From the air o'th Court, 'tis not decay'd,
 But grown stronger by such keeping; which when
 It shall be open'd, will cast a fragrant
 Smell ore all the Kingdome, and cure the Infections
 Of the Former Age. To open it we
 Are met, it is a Medicine we too long
 Have languisht for. And Sir, though it be a short
 Warning to so Great a Matter, you must
 Presently resolve to be a King. We
 Have no time now to instruct you in
 Your Right, and how you lost it. It was Yeares
 In doing, and will require Yeares to relate it.
 In the mean time, let what you see perswade you,
 Our Serious Lookes, Respects, and the Presence
 Of these Holy Rites. *Cleander.* I need not excuse
 My want of Answer, there's nothing fit for me
 To say: Which way so e're I shall declare
 My self to this Purpose, will appear Foolish;
 Whether I Refuse, or Grant, both are alike
 Ridiculous. 'Tis not with Me, as with
 Elder Yeares, They may refuse Offers like these,
 And be admir'd for such their Moderation;

*Eurylochus returns
 with Cleander.*

Or accept them, and for that Magnanimitie
 Be honour'd. But should I assume an Action,
 So many Yeares above my Age, I must
 Expose my self a Pagent to the Beholders
 Scorn and Laughter. My Lord, That which I have
 To say is, onely this. My Yeares are yet in Non-Age,
 My Actions not my Own, to Others Wills
 I am wholly Subject. you may Command me
 Even to Wear a Crown, and to submit to
 Accept the Highest Honours. Set me, if
 You please, on the Throne you speak of, and when
 You see a time again, remove me. Yet,
 My Lord, I'd have you know, I am not so Young,
 But that I understand I am a Subject, and that
 I have a King; that thus, though but in Sport,
 To Use his Titles is a Fault, But for
 Any to Acknowledge such a Spirit,
 As you, my Lord, have spoken, is no lesse
 A Traitor, than he which strikes the Crown from off
 His Head. *Arat.* You have been heavenly taught, and shall
 Be ever instructed in such Lectures.
 But the Treason which is committed, is
 Committed 'gainst your self, your Spirit is
 Usurpt, and he that holds it is your Servant,
 As I am, or at least should be so. Sir,
 The time presses now, and we cannot use
 The Circumstances necessary to
 Perswade you; but what ever appeares Strange
 At this time to you, a few dayes use will
 Render most familiar. Sir, please you ascend,
 Yond place is provided for you — Submit
 Now, and Command ever. My Lord, will you
 Please to honour us with your Assistance.

*Cleander expresses
 a modest unwillingness.*

*Here they take off from Cleander his black habit, and put on him a Rich
 Robe, Clearchus, and the Flamen, set the Crown upon his Head,
 and the rest stand before him, and salute him King.*

Omnes The Gods preserve the King.

Ara. We have now perform'd one part of our Duty,
 Which was to seat you thus, the next is,
 With our Lives to keep you at this Height.

Clean. If I may yet take confidence to speak,
 And it will become me to say something of
 My self. I could tell you, how this Day hath
 Been familiar to me, and in a Dream
 I have seen these things so often, that did
 Not these Shouts confirm me, which were then still
 The concluders of my Greatnesse, I could not
 Yet believe, but that I have now suffer'd
 Is Aiery all, and the Shapes I see meerly
 phantastick. *Flamen.* It was a Good and prosp'rous
 Omen, which presag'd your Quiet here.
 The Gods would not suffer you to rest in
 A Wrong place. *Omnes* May it be so:

*Here Aratus presents Clearchus to Cleander, seeming to inform him
 who he is, he descends and embraces him, the rest pay their homage
 by kissing his hand, in the mean time Pallantus speaks.*

Pall. And shall I alone in such a Glorious
 Action walk unseen? And as a Fault,

H

Perform

Perform my Duties in Disguise? I'll rather
 Add a Trumpet, and a Flag to all my
 Actions. Here fall my Mist away, Now
 Thou onely barr'st me from my Joyes, to which
 I am not near enough, unless I can
 Imbrace. Give me leave my Lords, that as my life,
 So I may throw my Body at his Feet,
 I have a share in him, I though a Stranger
 To you. It was my Fathers purchase,
 With his Life he bought it, nor desire I
 To hold it by another Patent. May
 Such be the Noted End Successively
 Of all our Name, No Disease, but our Masters
 Cause to Dye of. Here let me Kneel, and pray
 All Happyness, and the Best things may fall,
 And then rise, and with my Sword, procure the
 Blessing s I have praid for. Know me my Lords,
 I am *Pallantus*. *Phro. Eur. Pallantus! Ara. Pallantus!*

My dearest Friend, prov'd my nearest Kinsman!
 Could I be so dull as to imagine
 Such Valour could be in a shape so low
 As thy Out-side promis'd? Or so common,
 As to be met by Chance? That I could love
 Thee so, and yet have no Interest in thee?
 Where hast thou been so long Dead? *Sir look vpon*

This Man, that turns our joyes thus from you, your
 Party is made strong by his Discovery,
 Has brought such Unexpected Aid within
 Himself! You are to receive him Sir, not onely

As a Servant, but a Kinsman. *Clear. My Lord,*

I am as yet in a New World, and know
 No more, than if I now began to live,
 The most Common things, are Wonders to me.
 You must excuse me therefore, if I know not
 How to entertain such Accidents as these.
 But I shall make't my Labour ev'ry day
 To understand my Duty, of the which
 I think it no small part, to give the due
 Value to every worth I meet.

Clear. Sir, as a new friend let me imbrace you,
 But this Alteration shall not give me leave
 To forget the former Favours I am
 Oblig'd to you for. What I receiv'd in
 Your Disguise, I shall be ever ready
 To pay unto your self. *Ara.* How it grieves me
 To see thy Beauties thus blasted in thy Youth,
 War hath been too rough a Mistress to thee,
 And set thy Gloryes in too Eminent a place.
 Had *Venus* been ith' Camp, she would
 Have cover'd thee with *Mars* his shield, although
 The God himself had wanted it. I can
 Remember when the Loveliest Face compar'd
 With thine, could not have taken from thee. When
 In the brightest Ring of Beauties, thou appear'd'st
 But well-set; and hadst thou been attir'd like
 One of them, thou might'st have wonne the Prize
 Of fairness from a Court of Ladies.

Pal. My Lord, they are well lost: But those which were
 The Causes of it, shall receive Wounds as deep,
 If not so disfiguring, and afford their blood
 To wash the Scars they have made. *Ara.* They shall;
 And we will help to bath thee. 'Tis time that

We broke up our meeting, our longer stay
 May prove dangerous. *Phronimus* and *Eurylochus*
 You must post this Night to your Commands.
 Your Majesty must bear 'em Company.
 And now without more delay shew yourselves:
 We will be ready here at the first Newes.
 My Lord, your Navy also will require
 Strict watch and guard, on our first Motion
 That will be attempted. *Clear.* *Haimantus*, you
 Shall presently away, and take the Charge
 Upon your self. *Ara.* Pray do so my Lord.
 All we have to do, is to mingle our selves
 In the Court again. When once these troubles
 Sir, are o'er, a perpetual Calm will follow.

Clear. My Lord, I never enjoy'd safety, so pleasing as these Dangers.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter *Timens* reading a Letter.

—By the next Post I shall send your Highness the whole Design of the Conspiracy we have so long suspected; in the mean time, know *Aratus*, *Phronimus*, and *Eurylochus* are the three great Diseases of the Kingdome.—

But not incurable. I know which way
 To handle 'em. There must be some suddain
 Remedy apply'd, that will work strongly.
 This Night I'll send it. Be absent all ye.
 Lazie Medicines which the Law administers,
 Ye are more treacherous, than the Villain
 Ye examine; and where there was none, give
 Time to act Mischief: Your Summons are
 The Traitors Watch-word, and drive him to take
 That Opportunity, which otherwise
 His Fears would have let slip. My self will be
 The Accuser, and the Judge. When Publick
 Means are dangerous, each Prince hath the Courts
 Of justice in his Breast——What Fiend is this,
 That causes such Antipathy within me?
 The Mid-night Ghosts take not shapes so horrid!
 I have not slept, since first he cross'd me!

Pall. We are alone. The Gods have given this time
 For my Revenge. *Time.* What does he mutter to himself?

Coracinus, *Argestes*——Kill that Dog.

Cora. My Lord! *Timens.* Kill that Dog——Cowardly Villains,
 It were a justice to leave you to the Worrying.

Within Treason, treason, save the Prince, treason.

Timens, *Coracinus*, *Argestes* return bloody.

Time. He was a Devil! The Power of Hell was in
 His Arme; Night threw her shades about him
 To defend him! He could not thus have scap'd,
 Unless he had vanish'd! Is he o'er-taken yet?

Serv. No my Lord. But 'tis impossible he should
 Pass the Court. Sure he has taken Cover
 In some Lodgings thereabouts. *Time.* Let search be made,
 And give Command, That when he appears again,
 He that first meets him, without more Circumstance,
 Do kill him. Promise a Reward to him
 That brings his Head.

Enter *Clearchus* and *Aratus* to the rest with their Swords drawn.

Clear. How do you my Lord?

Time. Well.

Ara. Is your Highness hurt?

H 2

Time.

Enter Pallan.

*Enter Coracinus and
 Argestes, they assault
 Pall. but he works
 'em till Time. assists
 'em, and makes him
 retire, they all pursue
 him off of the Stage.*

Enter a Servant.

Exit Servant.

Time. And may be again, if I look not warily.
Would your Lordships Sword were sheath'd. *Ara.* Sir, 'twas drawn
In your Defence: and if y'are Jealons of it,
You wrong a Ready-hand to doe you Service.

Clear. Sir, is not the Traitor known that did it?

Time. No doubt he is. *Clear.* My Lord, you speak
Very doubtfully. I hope you doe not think,
But I am sorry for the Accident.

Time. I know not what to think. Your Disposition's
As great a Stranger to me as your Person,

Clear. I see, my Lord, you know to throw Injuries,
Though to conferre no Civilities on
A Stranger. *Time.* Injuries are deserv'dly plac'd

On an Intruding Guest. *Clear.* Y'are Unworthy.
And though I am incompart with all the

Dangers I may Justly fear from so Barbarous
A Place, which dares doe any thing it Lusts unto,
Without regard of Lawes or Hospitalitie,
I'd tell you so. And were you from this Dunghill
That you stalk on ('tis no better) I'd pull down
That Unmanner'd Pride within you. *Time.* Let me goe,
Nothing shall priviledge him to talk thus.

Clear. They hold you in your safety. Nor is the Distance
'Twill twist your Life and Death, longer than this Space

'That parts us. If you dare, follow me,

I'll stay you out a Dayes Sail at Sea,

I Challenge you to a Princely Combate.

Where come with all your power, that I may
Destroy so many Brute-Beasts from off the Earth.

Time. Shall I be tyed while I am bated? —

I'll send those that shall o'ertake you, and cut

You off, before your Shipping yet. *Argestes,*

Haste unto the Port presentlie, and in

My Fathers Name, Command all speedy Power

Be rais'd to stop the prince. Bid 'em fire his

Ships i'th' Haven — *Ara.* O my Lord, consider

A little more, before you lay a Blot

Upon the Nation, which Future Ages

Cannot wipe off. No Story can parallel

Such a Fact. Your Highnesse mov'd him much;

And gave him Cause of choller. *Time.* Does he help

Your Lordship with Ships? that thus you plead his Cause.

Shall I be Tutor'd by a Traitor?

Ara. Sir, y'are happy if you can find a Tutor,

When you thus much need one. And for your other

Language, when I understand it, I'll return you

An Answer, in the mean time, you must take it

Home to you as you gave it *Time.* 'Tis well Sir,

I shall find other wayes, than Words to Answer you.

Enter the King, Polyander, Menestius, Comastes, and a Guard.

King. How now *Timeus*! What, bloody? *Time.* No more

Than you see, Sir. The Sword rather left it

On me, than drew it out. *King.* Who is the Traitor,

That durst commit such Outrage? *Time.* He's 'scapt unknown.

King. Unknown? that cannot be, when he has past

Thus far i'th' Court, some must take notice of him.

Can you describe him? *Time.* He was habited

Like a Souldier; but his Lookes had more of

Devill than of Man. *King.* Upon my Life

I saw him! but 'tis two dayes since. He must

*They both draw, and
are held asunder.*

Exit Clearchus.

Be known in all this time. Enquire who brought in
Any such Man, or was seen with him. *Com.* This can be
No body but my Hob-goblin. And't please
Your Highnesse, was he not in a Buffe-Coat?
And had his Face all bedabl'd with patches?

Time. Yes, he had so. *Com.* Then doe I know him,
He belongs to my Lord *Aratus* there.
No body durst speak to him but he,
He shew'd his teeth at every body else.

He had like to have bit me once. *King: Aratus,*
Doe you hear? They say, he, that committed
This Villanie, belongs to you. *Ara.* To me, Sir?

He wrongs me that thinks so. I maintain none
That dare attempt such Insolence *Poly.* My Lord,
I saw him with you. *Ara.* Who? pray make me know
The Man. *Poly.* A black stern Souldier that follow'd you.

Ara. I fear I understand you now!
There is such a One that followes me; but
I never discovered any Disloyall
Spirit in him. His Out-Side, 'tis true, was
As you describe, not moulded after the
Common Frame of Men, but threaten'd more than
Any I have seen: Yet 'twas but his Out-Side
That threaten'd so. Within he was Gentle,
All a Courtier, to be wound and turn'd by
The least Civilitie. I must confesse,
When he was Injur'd, then he was High, and
Lordly, Stormes rose in's lookes, and Thunder
Was in his Voyce. *King.* And you knowing this,
How durst you turn such a Wild Beast loose into
The Court? Whom had I met, and chanc't to have
Anger'd, my fortune had been the same.
Lay hands on him. You shall find that such a Spirit
Dwells in my Brest too, and when 'tis stir'd,
Will raise tempests as great. We shall find
Other particulars beside to examine you of.

Ara. Then the Gods send their aid, or all is lost!
Yet, Sir, hear me speak. The Jealousies you
Have of me, I shall not perhaps be able
At this present to Clear; and indeed I
Know not so much as what they are. But Sir,
To shew you in this last Accident how much
I am Innocent. I will relate unto you,
How first I met the Actor of it. 'Twas on that Day
I was imploy'd on an Honourable
Message from your Majestie to the Stranger
Prince, On the Shore I found him, having lately
Scapt a Ship-wrack, and as great a Danger
On the Land; for he had been assaulted
By two Villaines that were in the same Voyage
With him, the cause of whose hate he could not tell,
Having no acquaintance with them, but in
The Ship; but as he had before the Waves,
So in this Tempest too, as I may call it,
He bore himself above. In the instant,
While he was yet hot in his Anger,
And their Blood, we came upon him—

Time. Pray Sir let me speak to you. There's a Wonder
Discovered to me by this Relation!
And under this Monster, he hath Spoke of,
A greater doth lie hid; One that you'd rather
Have in Chaines, than all the list of Traitors

*Aratus stands in a
study after his heat
with Timeus, and
minds not what's
said*

aside.

*The Guard lay hold
of Aratus.*

aside:

I have nam'd. Sir, commit the Uucafing
Him to me, and fuffer me to proceed
With *Aratus*, as I fhall fee caufe.

King. Take your way, I'll leave him to you.

Time. My Lord, with the perfuafion of your
Innocence, I have procur'd your Freedom
Of my Father; and do defire in Return
Of this kindnefs (if it be fuch) to let
Me fee the face of this my Enemy
Once more, if your Acquaintance (as appears
By your words) be not too late to know his
Abode. My Lord, I fhall receive him otherwife
Than you expect. The Relation you have
Made of him, and what my felf was witnefs of,
Have turn'd my Hate into Admiration
Of him, and if I can move his Love; as
I have done his Anger, I fhall be happy
In his Valour. 'Tis not the firft time that
The Brav'ry of Enemies, have made them Friends,
And that Wounds, have been the firft Seals of Love.
I do confider how much I injur'd him,
And that on fuch provocation, he could not
Have done lefs, At the firft fight I call'd him Dog,
And without more Circumftance commanded
To have him kill'd. *Ara.* Now Sir, I muft kneel to you,
You have the goodnefs of a Prince. He fhall
Submit for his Offence, or fuffer for it.
And if you find not that Noble Spirit
In him, I have told you of, in the moft
Dangerous Bufinefs you fhall imploy him,
Let him be punifh'd for this his Ill-plac'd-Valour.

Time. My Lord, I'll take no other Surety,
But your Word; ever oblige me thus.

Ara. But my Lord, though I can Answer,
I cannot give Credit to your fmooth Tongue.
This laft Accident might have loft all. I'll
Hazard no more by my Delayes. And feeing
They know not their time to ftrike, I'll teach 'em
Both the How, and When to do it. Before
To morrow this time, I'll ring their Dull
Security fuch an Alarm — *Haim.* My Lord,
Prince *Clearchus* Salutes you. *Ara.* Ha! Prince *Clearchus*
Said'ft thou? Come nearer friend. *Haim.* Do you not know me
My Lord? *Ara.* My Lord *Haimantus*! I crave your
Pardon. How fares the Prince? *Haim.* Well, and both He,
And my Lord *Pallantus* (who happily made
His Escape to our Ships from his Purfuers)
Have fent me in this Difguife, to let you know,
The Block-houfe is privately furrender'd
To 'em: in which they now are, with three hundred
Of our Selecteft Men: and undertake
With this ftrength to refcue the Princefs *Hianthe*
This Even, if the ftate of your other Affairs
Will fuffer it. Our Navy befides rides Clear,
And difengag'd near to the Block-houfe,
Where they can land what greater Force they please.

Ara. Hum. The Gallant Prince, and bold *Pallantus* fave,
The Block-houfe furrender'd, and the Ships at hand
Both for a Referve, and a Retreat — Why fhould
They not attempt it? My Lord, tell 'em,
Their Design is Noble, and like Themselves,
Full of Youth, of Fire, of Bravery, of Juftice;

*Exeunt all but Ti-
mens, Aratus, and
the Guard.*

Exit Timens and Guard.

*Enter Haimantus
disguis'd like
a Sailor.*

That where such Spirits as theirs move in any
Action, all Designs ought to Follow, and
Not Lead; they make the Periods, and the Poynts
Of Business. Say, I do not onely approve,
Of this their Purpose, but will Assist 'em
In their Retreat, and at the same time give
A Divertisement, by some hundreds of
Great shot pour'd into the City. Come my Lord
I'll direct you a way to return less
Hazardous than that you came in hither.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter *Hianthe*.

The time of their great Plot is now compleat,
The hours are finish'd. O let it not You,
Which look down, which favourably look down
Upon this Isle, want your Power which first
Did strengthen it; let the same Hand that hid,
Disclose it too! Shame not at so Glorious
An Off-spring, when it is Heavenly, and doth
Confess the Father, when none but Gods dare
Call it theirs, nor without Blasphemycan
Own it. Ye were kind Parents at the first,
Shew your selves still so, and Rear the Child ye
Have Gotten. Where Humane strength shall fail, there
Hold it up, and make that Want, the Strongest.

Enter *Melissa*.

Mel. Madam, I now met my Lord *Ara us*,
Who intreats your Highness to keep within
Your Lodgings this Night, and to fear nothing
What euer Embroyments you hear abroad,
Or near you.

Enter *Timeus*.

-----*Time.* Madam, I come to tell you,
The Infection, which caus'd this your Retirement,
Is now clear'd up, and vanish'd, and abroad
You may safely bless us with your Presence:
The Court has for these dayes suffer'd an Eclipse,
But when it shall again shew forth its Beams,
Your Beautyes, it will look more Glorious,
By its short Obscuring. *King.* Well said *Timeus*.
Now I like thee; here thy Cares and Services
Are bent the right way; would I could see thee
Once look pale in these. Can a young Man (when
He may have leave to breath in such a Paradise
As this) draw a common Ayre? an Ayre o'th' People?
I am loath to change thy present thoughts: but
The business I have to tell thee, will bring
Thee peace, and more leasure for them. The suspicion
Thou had'st of a Treason, was not Vain; since
It hath broke out; but 'tis already suppress'd.
The two Chief of 'em are taken in their passage,
As they went to Head their Forces. And I
Have commanded they be set so High,
As to enjoy a Large View of that Land they
Were Ambitious of, and then to strangle 'em
At that Height. *Time.* Are there but two, Sir, of Note
That you have taken? Flatter not your self,
Had they been thousands, they had left more behind.
Your Majesty counts that a Victory,
Which they scorn to account a Loss; and think
Y'are safe, when they are not indangered.

Enter the King, Co-
males, *Mintim*.

Is *Aratus*, *Phronimus*, or *Eurylochus*,
 Among them? Is *Pallantus* one of the two
 Are taken? *King*. *Pallantus*! Thou dream'st of the Dead,
 And the Ages past. *Time*. Sir, he's Living,
 And if my Aimes deceive me not, he has
 Lately Walk'd among us, and makes up the Knot
 Of Traitors — Ha!

King. What can this mean! Look out!

A vollee of Great Shot interrupts their discourse, and they stand amaz'd.

Enter Polyander.

Poly. Sir, arme speedily, put your self within
 Your Strength, or y'are lost. The Block-house
 Is revolted, Prince *Clearchus* poures Men
 In Swarms upon the Shore, *Aratus* has
 Seiz'd both the Gate and Fort that lead unto
 The Haven, and thunders, as you hear,
 Upon the City. *Time*. These were the Evills
 I was a prophet of, I saw them when
 They were Disguis'd. Sir, 'tis no time now to Stand,
 But Doe. *King*. Madam, we intreat your Pardon,
 That thus we have offended 'gainst your peace,
 And made you the first partaker of our Troubles,
 That ought to have Known them Last. *Hian*. Sir, your Trouble
 Is too sad to be excus'd. *Mel*. How likes your
 Hignesse the Serenade of this fair Evening?

Great Shot still.

Exeunt all but Hian. Meliss.

Hian. I like it well *Melissa*, but I fear;
 My Solitude and Care are too great
 To admit a perfect Joy —

A Tumult and noyse of Weapons are heard at the Door!

Within. Stand, stand.

Clea. Within. Gentlemen stirre not, if you'l save your Lives;
 We come to serve the Princeesse.

Enter Clearchus, Pallantus, and Haimantus, with their Swords drawn.

Clear. Madam, y'are safe, fear nothing. If you please
 To put your self into our protection,
 You may for ever bid a farewell to
 This your Hated Prison. My Lord, *Pallantus*,
 Guard the Princeesse, and make the Retreat with
 All the Speed you can. The Honour of bringing up
 The Rear in this Action, I can impart to none.

Within. Arme, arme, arme.

*The Princeesse and Melissa goe off with Clearchus and his Party, a tumultuous
 Noyse of fighting continues for some time after. Then enter at another door,
 as in fight, Timeus and his Party, who are beaten back by Clearchus and his
 Party. Timeus is struck to the ground by Clearchus, but rescued by his sol-
 lowers; which done, Clearchus retires Orderly, and the rest remain.*

Enter Polyander to them.

Poly. On the ground, my Lord? *Time*. Lower and baser yet,
 Viler in my Condition *Polyander*,
 Than this my Posture. Affronted, baff'd, scorn'd,
 Wounded by Traitors, and by Dishonour
 Deeper. The Princeesse in my very sight
 Born from me. *Poly*. My Lord, these Wrongs dictate Revenge,

And

And not Complaints, shew your Repentments with
Your Sword. And let what you Have call your thoughts
To it, and not what you have lost. *Time.* Lead on.

Exiunt Omnes.

CHORUS.

*While He that should be Eye and Ear,
Through Sloth doth neither See nor Hear,
Behold like Thunder comes a Sound,
Which doth at once Amaze and Wound;
"That Dart sure hits, which Clouds did hide,
"And safely Kills, 'cause Unders'd.
"Where Dangers urge, he that is slow,
"Takes from Himself, and adds to's Foe.*

*Th' are come beyond a Whisper now,
And boldly dare proclaim their Vow.
"When the Prey's sure, to shew the snare,
"Begets not Counsel, but Despair.
Like Lightning it awakes the Sence,
Only to see, and grow Blind thence.
"Tis Love, not Faction, where the Good,
"Conspire to spill Usurping Blood.*

[ACTUS 4. SCENA I.]

*Aratus and Pallantus are discovered sitting at a Table, with Pen, Ink,
Paper, and Mathematical Instruments before them.*

Aratus.

BESIDES this great Work, we must have two less
On either hand of it; and which must first
Be made, no less to secure the Work in doing,
Than when 'tis done; two common Horn-Works
Will be sufficient for this purpose. Would they
Were finish'd. *Pall.* My Lord, commit the Charge of 'em
To me, I'll both hasten the labour, and stand
Upon the Guard till they be done.

Enter *Clearchus* and *Hianthe* to them.

Hian. Do you hear the Rumour my Lords? *Ara.* No, Madam.
What is't?-----What Fatal Check can our Affairs
Receive, that it should want a Tongue to speak it?
Which hitherto have been so prosperous, so full
Of fresh successes, that our whole Councils
Have been employ'd, but how to Entertain,
And make best Uses of 'em. *Hian.* 'Tis reported,
That the King's taken. *Ara.* Horror and Amazement
Seize me on the bare Relation! But such
A Prodigie cannot be! So Divine
A Person, was never thrown away so
Cheaply. Though the Gods abound in all Goodness,
They never Lightly yet Esteem'd of any;
That were not to shew their Plenty, but their
Contempt of Vertues. Excellent Lady,
Say the Particulars of this Report.
Was there any of the Kings Age made mention of?
Hian. No, the Account we have is this, That two Lords

*Hianthe answers not
presently, as one tron-
bled at what they
are to utter.*

That were in their passage to raise Forces,
Are taken by a Troop of Horse of the
Adverse Party. My Brother being yet
In his Disguise, and not known, is conceiv'd
To have past for one of their followers.

*They stand all silent for a
time as confounded with
the belief of this relation,
Pall. first recovers, and
speaks the following
speech as to himself.*

Pall. VVhere are all our Great words now? Those
Mighty sounds which made a trembling in the Aire,
And caus'd no less a deafness with their fall,
Than if Thunder, the Voyce of Heaven were turn'd
Articulate, and spoke the Threats of *Jove*
Unto the VVord? Chang'd to as great a Silence?
Such when a Tempest ceases, is the Calm
That followes, no noise is heard; as if the VVinds
VVith Blasts were Breathless grown, and the Seas
Sat down, and after so much Toyl required Ease.
But a True and Noble Spirit, ought not
To sink under Misfortune, but bear up
The stronger; and if the state be Desperate,
To attempt VVaies as Desperate to Change it.
No Action can be counted Folly,
VVhere no Counsel can be given for Any.
Rashness is Bravery, or VVisdome then, when
The Best Hope is but Destruction. I will do
Something, And where the gods have given a Will,
We ought not in their Service to sit still.

Exit Pallantus.

Hian. I was born, and bred up in Miseries;
And the Misfortunes I have past, were not
To excuse my following Age from more,
But to prepare me onely to suffer
Greater yet, and stranger. *Clear.* My Lord,
Recollect your self. This Newes may be false, and all
The Danger the King is in, may be from your believing it.
Give not your self cause to mourn hereafter,
All perish'd on a Mistake. If that this,
The worst of Evils, be befalln, yet
It ought not to be the reason of your
Neglect, but greater Care and Vigilance.
Though much be Lost, yet that Remains, may well
Expect your best Thoughts to it. Look upon
That Lady, too much swallowed up in Grief,
Through our so low Dejection. If you have
Lost a King, consider in Her y'ave still
A Queen, and such a One, as for whose Service,
You would not think your dearest blood too precious,
Were it not frozen with your present sorrowes.
Ara. My Lord, I thank you, and will follow your
Advise. Pardon my Amazement, and if
I seem'd dead, when the life of all my Actions
Was taken from me. Yet 'twas not a Slumber
I was lost in, but a Confusion of
Various thoughts, not knowing which to follow,
Till your Highness pointed me one forth.
We'll act something now so speedily, that
They shall not have leave to put an ill Design
In practise. Madam, revive your gentle
Spirits, happier things attend you, than now
You know, or hope for — The Newes —

Hian. VVhat Newes my Lord? *Ara.* Such as is not to be nam'd
VVithout a Sacrifice! O see Madam!
Though we have lost, we are not yet Undone;
There's a Check, but not a Total Ruine

*Enter a Serv. who
Delivers Ara. a
letter, which he o-
pens hastily.*

OF

Of our Fortunes. The *King*, *Pironimus*, and
Eurylochu. are all safe, and never
 Were in Danger; this Night they will be here
 With their full Power. *Hian*. My joyes are then restor'd me,
 I shall see my Brother *Clear*. My Lord, who are they
 Are taken, and have given occasion for
 This Mistake? *Ara*. Two that stood boldly for our Party.

More besides, their Name's there, and that they were
 Honest, I cannot now instruct your Highness.
 You may perceive, they, which have no such Cause
 Of joy as we have, do lament them much.
 We shall have a time too, I doubt not, both
 To mourn and revenge their fall. In the mean time,
 Let 'em rest in Peace and Honour. Such a
 Farewel, were I in their Condition,
 I should have expected. They have onely
 Out-strip us in the payment of a Debt
 We all owe unto our Master, ours is Due,
 Though yet not call'd for. Come Madam, we must
 Prepare to meet the King, and after that what
 E'er our souls can wish for. But where's
Pallantus, absent from this happy Newes?

Ser. He went forth my Lord a little before
 The arrival of the Letters. *Ara*. We shall meet him.
 Joyes of this nature will never come too late.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter the *King* and *Timens*.

Time. Sir, though there are Troubles in your Affairs,
 Let none be in your Countenance. Your Eyes,
 Should like those blessed Twin-fires upon the Ship,
 Display a Prosperous Flame, a light of Joy,
 And Comfort round about; that they which toil
 In the Rage, and Fury of this Tempest,
 May from thence fore-see a Calm, and nourish
 Hopes of safety. Thus you wrong your Power,
 Destroying it your self, 'cause others would.
 The Souldier groans, just as you groan, their pulses
 Have the same Motion, and their Hearts do beat
 Both Hope, and Fear, according as yours doth.
 All Omen comes from you, your Passion is not
 A single Sadness, 'tis the Peoples too.
 When you confesse a Fear, none dares be Bold,
 Courage is thought a Folly, not a Vertue.
 Your Mirth were now Discretion, and a Face
 Cheerful as at a Feast, were Policy,

'Twould be one kind of Succour. *King. Timens*
 I thank thee: But these Joyes come from Above,
 And are not to be taken when we please:
 No Man can pronounce, He will be happy.
 Yet I will struggle with my Thoughts, and strive
 To recover the Peace, that's fled from me.
 But let not this thing Discomfort you,
 Perhaps 'tis a course of Humours onely,
 And a little Physick may remove it.

Time. With the Comfort and hope of this, I'll leave
 You Sir. And if the Genius that attends
 Your Person, smile upon us, no other
 Evil shall dismay us. Shall I bear any
 Commands from you to the Camp?

King. Onely my Salutations. The Charge of all
 Do thou take upon thee. To morrow if
 This Fit leave me, I'll visit you,
 How every thing is irksome to me! Clouds

Exit Timens.

And Darknesse are before my Eyes,
 All things dissenting one from the other,
 Yet Conspire in this, that they present Death
 To my View. I have that Idle Comfort
 Onely left, That he that Despaire of All,
 Ought to fear Nothing. When things cannot grow worse,
 All fortune then is on His Side that Suffers.
 But my Injustice seconded with Murder,
 Doe forbid Successe. A Kingdome rear'd in Bloud
 Stands on a Slipperie Foundation.
 And I have been nourish'd in peace thus long,
 That being grown Specious and Great, I may
 At last fall a Sacrifice worth Slaughter.
 Thoughts urge Thoughts; Suspition gets Suspition;
 Horror Horror; I have not that small Settlednesse
 Of Mind, as to think one thing twice. Were I
 But Innocent, I would provoke Misfortune,
 Call for Fate with as undaunted Courage,
 As the Lord and Ruler of it doth — Hold.
 I command you hold. — What a Nothing 'tis
 That I have thus much Fear'd, and labour'd
 To escape, when 'twas my Good! Childishly
 Dreading every Thought of Cure, then most Offended,
 When my Health was near. How Well I am
 After this Little Wound! Quiet of Mind,
 And Peace of Conscience, those Bless'd Companions,
 Begin to return unto me. I see
 Nothing but bloud can appease bloud in Sacrifice;
 That to the Guiltie there's no Ease, but Death,
 No Mercy, like the Crosse, Oh! — Hold in your Rage.
 Have yee not already acted Mischiefs
 Enough by my Command, but yee must
 Voluntarily thrust your selves on more?
 Y'are deceiv'd, though I have been hitherto
 A Tyrant, now I am Mercifull, and would
 Gladly behold things Just and Innocent.

*An uproar at the door, Pallantus
 rushes in, and wounds the King,
 the Guard follow on him.*

*As the King shewes
 signes of weaknesse
 through his wound,
 the Guard make
 offer to kill Pallan-
 tus.*

Cap. He faints. The Villain must not live.

King. I Command you hold. My Power is yet Good.
 You are the Villaines, the True Causers of
 This my Miserie, and you should Lay Hands
 Upon your selves. How Ridiculous is this
 Your Furie? Suppose I should give way
 To your Desires, what were you the Safer,
 Or I the Better? You would have One For Lesse,
 And I one Sinne more, that am already
 Loaden. Does not my Judgement affright you
 Rather? I was not onely Guiltie, your
 Hands were dipt in the same Bloud with mine, nay,
 Oft perform'd such Deeds, I onely durst but Wish.
 Had I given you my Commission, Obedience
 Here would not have Excus'd you. Your Loyaltie
 To Me was but at Best a Broken Faith
 Unto another, and when Yee observ'd
 It most, Yee were most Perjur'd. What can
 Yee expect? Yee see when I was Guarded
 By an Host, was thought Secure from what the
 Power of Earth or Men could doe unto me,
 One Man, as I may say, One Handfull of
 That Earth, broke through all my Safeties, and with
 A Single Arme has forc'd what a Million
 Could not keep: and when no Humane Meanes was found,

Yet there was a Miracle to Conquer me.
 To you I turn now no more my Terror,
 In Return of this Favour you have found,
 Shew the like to These, and Others, that shall
 Be guiltie of that Name, *Of Friends to Me.*
 Though You are Nothing yet, this Deed will make
 You Powerfull: and You that have given them All,
 May demand back so Small a Part.
 Now you have been so much my Enemy,
 Change something to a Friend—— How Vainlie
 I take Care for Lesser things, neglecting
 My Chief Concernments. O my *Timon*!
 O my poor *Eudora*!—— Leave me not yet my Soule
 Thou can'st not mount untill the Load be taken
 From thy Wing. Thou could'st inhabit here
 When it was Hell, now it is Paradise,
 O stay—— and dwell——

Pall. Though the Fall be Great, it cannot shake me;
 When I know 'tis Just. The Malefactors
 Penitence takes not the Justice of his
 Doom away; though He be Chang'd, That remains
 Unstain'd. He may die with pitty, but not
 With Innocence. They mind me not, I'll take
 This Advantage of their Sorrow for my
 Escape; I will not trust their Obedience
 To a Dead Command. *Cap.* Leave your sad Embraces;
 They'll bring no Comfort to you, though you persist
 In 'em, till you are such as this you hold.
 This ground of Sorrow will afford a perpetuall
 Supply of Moisture, which your Eyes, like Sunnes,
 May draw up, and pour down for ever; but
 Never exhale a Satisfaction to you.
 Let us to the Prince, and there unburden
 Our hearts of this our grief, and if he have
 A Service that commands our Lives, all hazards
 Now will be welcome to us. 1. *Guard.* The Villain
 That committed this Sacrilegious Act's escap'd!
 2. *Guard.* We were too soft to obey Dying-Speech.
Cap. His Entrance and Escape were ordained
 Both by Fate, 'twas not in Our Power to hinder Either.

Enter *Timon*.

Give me a Power Mightie as my Rage,
 That my Revenge may reach unto the Clouds,
 And unthrone those Gods, that joyn'd hands with Men
 To commit so Black a Deed. It were but
 Justice they should loose their Deitie, that
 So would throw it off. Oh my Father! did I
 Unload thy Shoulders of the Kingdome,
 That thou might'st fall under a lesse Weight?
 And bereft thee of thy Jealousies, to
 Ruine thee with more Assurance onely?
 Where are all those Flatt'ring Tongues, that when
 There was no Need, would, in a Complement,
 Hourlie Suffer for Thee? Not One to die
 In thy Defence? Or by his fall to make
 Thine more Decent? What ho, *Charisius*,
Erastus, *Acmanthes*, not one Voyce?
 How Dismall is this Place! The Graves where Death
 Inhabits are not so dreadfull! I'll flie thee,
 Though I run among the thickest of my Foes,

L.

The Guard return

*He dies, and the Guard run
 and bear up his body.*

Exit Pallantus.

Exeunt Omnes.

They

They can present no Horrors like this Lownesse;
The Cries, the Sword, the Trumpet in the Battell,
Strike not so deep Amazement! —

I walk like

Aneas among the Shades, all is Hell
About me! I see nothing but what my
phantie frames in Horrid Shapes! O yee vain fears
Of Guiltie Men! All are Unreasonable,
But yours Ridiculous. When you have contemn'd
The greatest and most reall Dangers,
You tremble at a Ghost, a Thing lesse than a Man,
And when the Substance could not, the Shadow
Frights you. There is no way but this to set me
Above my Feares; when I am Lesse I shall
Be Equall to 'em. *Cap.* O hold, my Lord!
Offer not up your Self a Sacrifice,
When there are so many, that gladly would
Redeem you with their Lives. Let that thought
Prevail with you, That you ought to Live for them,
That so willinglie would Die for you.
Y'are the Prop of thousands, and if you sink,
You pull a Kingdome with you. Take your Sword
By the Other End, and so holding it,
Seek to appease this Royal Ghost. If you
Cannot regain a Crown, yet win a Memorie
By the losse of it: This Object makes your Grief
A burden to your Honour. Lean on us,
My Lord, and we'll conduct you to the Camp.

*He goes out, as in search of some
of those that had went to at-
tend, and returns again.*

*He prepares to fall on his
Sword, and the Guard
return, and save him.*

Exeunt Omnes.

*Enter Polyander, Comastes, Menetius, and a Captain,
at their entrance a Shout is heard.*

Poly. What Shout is this among the Enemies?

Cap. 'Tis their Acclamations still for the Arivall
Of their Fellowes, with whom they have now joyn'd
Camps. *Poly.* I am glad of't.

I hope we shall have Command, to trie the Fortune
Of the Field to morrow. Would the Whole Knot
Of them were there, that we might make quick Work,
And like *Alexander*, untie it with a Blow.

Com. I and a Wall round about 'em to keep
Them to the Slaughter; that we may not be
Troubl'd to kill a Thousand in a Thousand
Places. I like not this pursuing, 'tis
The greatest Evill, next to the being
Pursued; the Wine nere tastes well when 'tis so
Jumbl'd. Give me a Standing-Camp, that
Flourishes like a Peacefull City, and wants
No Necessaries. Here stand your Engines,
There, Victuall: on this hand a Palefado
Defends you, on the other a Barecado
Of Pork-tubs as impregnable: before
A Fose is cut of some two hundred paces,
And the Souldiers tipling in't, behind a Coop
Runs out of the same length, and the poultrie
Tipling in their Trenches; whose bodies are
Too delicate and tender to bear travell.

Here a Man may, even among the Tents, forget
To be a Souldier. *Poly.* Ha, ha, ha, On my
Conscience *Comastes*, thou art wearie
Of the Camp already. *Com.* Yes faith,
As your Selves are, if you'd confesse the truth.

Poly.

Poly. Why, me thinks there's no Pleasure like the Souldiers,
Who takes his Swing in all Delights, and fates
Himself with 'em, as if he were near to
Tast 'em more; and if Fortune be so kind
To grant him a second and a third Fruition,
Like Friends, which parted in the Morn two Dangerous
And Hopeless wayes of ever seeing, they Meet
With a Multiply'd, and Unexpected Joy.
His very Wounds, are Pleasures, and *Elizium*
Comes faster on him, than his Death. ———

Com. When Honour is the Prize, and wrong'd Justice
The Cause that thrust him on, he throws off One,
That he may gain a Better Life, a Life
Of Fame, which is Eternal even in Death.
That he enjoy'd before was Fading,
Sustain'd onely by the Infirmities
Of One Weak Body, now 'tis supported
By the Memories of All, the Charge of it
Is committed unto a World of Men,
Nor is't Extinguish'd before the Frame o'th'
Whole Universe. None are so surviving
As the Sons of Glorious War. *Jove* gave
Life to *Hercules* and *Theseus*, but *Mars*
Eternity; they breath'd from one, but gain'd
Heaven by the other. These were the great Thoughts,
Which when I was yet Young, and not able
To effect 'em, did dwell in me; they did
Suggest unto my soul, that I ought to raise my hand
Against the Gods, if they slept at Perjury,
And favour'd Injustice. *Poly.* Holloe *Comastes*!

What Rapture's this? *Com.* To shew you how easie
A thing it is, to talk like a Souldier,
And be as brave a fellow as either of you.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha. *Mene.* Thou wouldst make an excellent
Run-away-Souldier. Such a speech on the High-way,
Were greater Violence, than Bidding-stand,
A long staff would not get an Almes so soon.

Poly. What saist thou now *Comastes*, to a jovial Round
Or two, beyond the Court-Healts? Those at the Kings
Own Table? *Com.* I believe I shall say more
Than you at this, as well as at the Other.

Poly. Captain, command 'em to bring some VVine in.
Come, in the mean time lets sit.

Exit Captain.

Enter to 'em one of the Guard that was present at the Kings Death.

Guard. My Lords, stand upon your Guard. The King's slain!

Omnes. The King!

Poly. Thou look'st distractedly, speak it again!

*They all start up upon the Newes,
and draw their Swords.*

Guard. He's slain! My self was present at his Death.

Poly. By what accursed Hand? *Guard.* That Devil, that
Awhile since wounded the Prince, has Murder'd him.
But my Lords, I lose the time, and Betray you
In it. The Prince is come into the Camp,
And commands you strait to repair to him.
He finds the Army wavering in their Faith,
The City Bands are already Revolted,
And others begin to draw off. The Kings death,
And a Declaration from the Enemy,
Pretending that a Son of the former King's
Preserv'd by *Arauns*, heads their Forces;
Has almost gain'd them a Victory, without

A drop of Bloud. *Poly.* Away, we stay too long,
Lead us where you left the Prince.

Exit Omnes.

Enter *Aratus*.

Never did Justice shew her self so Eminent :
This was a Deed, as if her own Hand
Had wrought it ! Who can complain the want of
Providence ? Or say, the Guiltie and the
Innocent make one Heap in Judgement, when
This is told ? A Tyrant in the Midd'ft of
All his Strengths, guarded with Friends and Armes,
What ever Power or Policie could make him
Safe with, by a Single Hand strengthen'd with
Justice, was snatcht from the midd'ft of all !
The Ligt'ning melts not the enclos'd Gold
With half that wonder, leaving that Contains it !
Nor doth the Plague, in a Multitude of Men,
Make a Choice so Curious.

Enter to him *Cleander* and *Clearchus*.

Clean. My Lord, we may Sheath our Swords.
This Gallant Act of the Heroick and
The brave *Pallantus*, has not onely
Remov'd a Tyrant, but, I may say,
Dissolv'd an Armie, and Reduc'd a Kingdome.
The Pretor, in the Cities Name, offers
Allegiance. And divers Bodies, both of Horse
And Foot, have left th' Enemies Camp, and are
Come over to us. What can we attribute
To this Noble Deed, that in any measure
May reach the Greatnesse of it ? We ought to
Acknowledge it the Compendium of all
Our Future Fortunes ; and what ever High
And Happy shall succeed to us, to be
The Consequents alone of this. A Benefit
Of that Univerfall Nature, that like
The Sunnes Influence, our Enemies feel
The Good of it as well as we. *Ara.* Sir, you weigh
This Action as you ought. And while you can look
Thus Nobly on the Services are done you,
You'll make this Isle a Land of *Heroes*,
The Princes Eyes breed Vertues when they shine
Upon 'em ; and what ever has been found
To be his Temper, quickly growes to be
The Genius of the People. *Clean.* What thinkes your Lordship,
If we drew out, and fac'd the Body of
The Enemy, that yet holds together ?
And with Feat, or Forces, sought to dissolve 'em ?
Ara. My Lord, what can we return you for this
Gallant Forwardnesse ? But the Force that now
Stands against us, will not be worth your Highnesse
Hazard, nor yet paines to face 'em. A little
Shame, and Obligation to their Late Master,
Is all the Bond that holds 'em. And a few
Dayes, if not Houres, will scatter 'em, without
Our Swords. But this Message from the City,
Will require your Majesties attendance
To it. Please you to hear what their Demands
Are to you.

Exit Omnes.

Drum.

(46)
Drums, and other noises of an Assault.

Pall. Within. Spare no Opposition.
Break the Gates, add fire unto your Force.

Enter Rodia, and another Lady frighted in, Endora after them.

Rodia. O Madam, they break in upon us!

End. O my Father, when thou art slain I cannot
Fear what after does befall me! The same
That was their Crueltie to Thee, will to Me
be Pittie.

*A noise as if the doores were forc'd, Pallantus
and other Souldiers break in.*

Pall. Stand. No man advance to touch a Life,
Or doe a further Violence. My Rage
Has blindly lead me on to Violate
A place no lesse Sacred than the Temples,
And rudelie ere I lookt about, hath thrust me
On the Deitie! So those that are led
To see some Glorious Sight, eager and longing,
Ask still as they passe, which is the way? and
How near? till they are engag'd within its
Splendour, which opening suddainly upon them,
Makes 'em retire as fast again with Reverence!

End. What stayes thee Monster? And makes thee pant thus
Ore the Prey? Here I stand ready, and doe
Invite thy Furie; Come, and save my hand
A labour: if thou art Surfeited, I'll
Whet thy Appetite. Th' art a Murderer,
A Villain; these Name thee not; They are but
Diseases of the State, Thou the Death. The Law
Comprehends them within her Verge, thy Giant
Faults doe so much O're-top Her, that Justice
Cannot reach thee, and if there were no Gods,
Thou then wert Innocent, and would'st stand Safe,
Because thou art so Wicked. Thou hast Kill'd
Thy King. O no, thou had'st no share in him!
He was a King of Men, thou a Beast, the
Foulest, and the bloudest that ever preyd
On Innocence. *Pall.* My Revenge, how false
Thy Beautie was *End.* How Monstrous thou appear'st!

Thou represents unto me all Ill,
I ever heard of! *Pall.* And thou all that
I ever heard of Good! *End.* Thou mov'st like so many
Living-Mischiefes! had the Priests beheld thee,
They might have Divin'd, all these Future Evills
So exactlie in thy Form, that what they told,
Would rather have seem'd a Story, than
A prophesie, and have sav'd us from thee.
Nature was never Guiltie of such a Work,
Some Hellish-Power hath given thee Birth, and Spirit,
And sent thee on the Earth to destroy all
That's Fair and Holy. *Cap.* Sir, raise your Spirits:
Can you endure such words as these? Souldiers on,
And make Her feel those Evils She hath utter'd.

Pall. Hold, hold, Thou Worse than she hath Named! darest thou
Command, or move to such a Sacriledge?
If thy Sinnes were told thee from the Heavens,

Thou'dst blaspheme the Voice that spoke to thee !
Withdraw, thy Rage is too Unhollow'd for
This Place. Provoke me not with another
Offer. I shall not swallow your Bitterness,
Though guilded in the Name of Friendship.

Endo. What next intend'st thou ? What Master-piece
Of wickedness wilt thou glory in a while ?
Know, thou canst not Force me, here within thy
Reach I am as safe, as if an Army,
All resolute to death, divided us.

*Exeunt Captain
and Soldiers.*

This Hand, something weaker than a Womans,
Can resist all thy strength, were it as great
In Mischiefe, as in Will. *Pall.* Though I seem all

She shewes a Dagger.

That you have Named, and Fouler yet, this is
A sin I dare not do. O think me not
Worse than you have said already, and then
I may again wash off my Stains. The Beasts
Are Noble, meek to Chastity, and humbly
Lick the feet of Majesty. Judge me not
By shew, our Eyes deceive us, and as oft
Perswade us to the Wrong, as do the Blind-
Mans feet; falsely do prompt us, All that is
VWhite, is Innocent, and all that's Black, is
Sinful without exception. Should those
That look on you, be led so by the sense,
They must kneel down before you, and adore you
As some Deity, not being able
To phansie so much God, as they do see
In you ! Such Formes their Powers have given you,
That you may become a Rival in their VVorships.

Endo. VVhy talk'st thou thus ? Thy Tongue hath no more power,
Than hath thy Hands. *Pall.* Neither intend Violence,
VVould you could entertain of me one thought
Of Goodness, as hopeless as you think me,
I'd undertake to make it good, and Better't
Daily. *End.* Why delay'st thou ? VVhat would'st thou have ?

Pall. Forgiveness, Love, I dare not say. *Endo.* Love !
Thy Thoughts are more Mishapen, than thy self.
In thy very Hopes thou art Cruel. This Base
Imagination hath wrong'd me more,
Than all thy Actions : In those thou onely
Sought'st the Ruine of Greatness, in this
The Ruine of my Name. A Rape were a Glory
To thy Affection, and though it had Lost,
It would have Got me Fame, the Honour of
A Ravish'd Virgin. Did'st thou Woe me with the
Highest Services, as thou com'st in my
Fathers Blood, I could Reward thee, but could
Never yeeld thee Love. I was too long
A Princess, and lost the name too Late,
To entertain so low a thought. *Pall.* The World
Of Causes that part me, and Happyness !

End. Love is soft, and full of Curtesie,
A greater Opposite to Lust, than Hate.
The Flames thou feel'st, are more preposterous,
Than those which burn the Breasts of Sallows, or
Of Beasts; which kill the Young, and in that blood
Enjoy the Dam. Think'st thou that any is
So bold in Lust, to embrace the Fears thy Love
Brings with it ? *Pall.* My Youth, and Comeliness how

Are you obscur'd ? *Endo.* My Miseries have put
A new Nature in me, chang'd that Calmness

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I had wont enjoy, into the Looks, and
Language of a Fury. How ill does Rage
Become a Virgins brest? I will suppress it,
And if it must break forth, dissolve it into
Tears. An Age worn out in thought, cannot present
One Comfort to me, I am so Wretched.
Oh! My soul's more, Earthy than my body,
This War that is within me, I hope will
Gain a Victory o'er my Life at last.

Pall. Accursed that I was to be the Authour
Of so much Miserie. Is there no way to restore
That Peace which you have lost? If there be any,
Despair not of it, though it be held within
The jaws of Death, I'll snatch it for you:
Though it were lost in the Darkest Mass of things,
My Love would distinguish't in a *Chaos*:
If it have no Being, but what your Thought
Gives Life to, I'll Wish it for you, so strong
My Phansie is to, serve you. Let it be
Any thing to be done, I'll do it. Can I,
The wretched Cause removed; bring ease unto
You Sufferings? Here on my Knee I yeeld my Life,
Unto your taking: or if you had rather,
I'll offer't up my self. *Eudo.* No, and yet
There is a way, and thou may'st do it.

Pall. Is there a way? O my joyes! The Gods are
Merciful! Name it, name it to me.

Eudo. If thou wilt vow to do it presently.

Pall. Need I an Oath to confirm I would be
Happy? 'Tis my own Happyness, I thus
Eagerly pursue in yours. Ev'ry sigh
You give, doth make me breathless; and ev'ry
Tear which you let fall, doth bow me nearer
To the Earth, than all the years and Wounds that
I have suffer'd. Yet I will swear, By all things
Holy, all that I fear and reverence,
To refuse no Labours, Death, to gain your Ease,
And restore joy unto your Life again.

Eudo. Now thou can'st not, thy last words have render'd
Thee Unable. The Ease was Death, which yet
I beg from thee. *Pall.* From what a Heaven of happyness
Am I fallen? *Eud.* Assist me all my strength.

Ye Gods this way ye have ordained I should
Come to you: pardon that Fate then, which your selves
Did give me. *Rod.* O my Lady! *Pall.* Stay, O stay that hand!
Let that Goodness in you, which would spare Things
Fair and Holy, preserve the Fairest, and
The Holiest! The Angells would be proud to take
Such Shape upon them when they Visit Earth,

'Tis such as Your self ought to look with Reverence on.

Eudor. Ther's a Weapon hid within my Heart, which
None can take away: it wounds deeply now.

Death thou art a Lover, and dost Court me mildly.

Ladies O my Lady: help, help. O my Lady!

Rod. Give her more air. *Pall.* She's gone, my time's no longer.
Our Lives were woven on the same Web, the
Destinies condemn' me to see her Death,
And then to follow. *Rod.* She breaths, stand off.

Eud. My Brother, O my Father! *Rod.* How doe you Madam?

Eud. Too well, my strength returnes to fast unto me.

Pall. Were my Soul fled, that Voyce would call it back
Again, it self would return, and choose this

*She makes an offer to
stab her self.*

She faints.

*He prepares to fall upon
his Sword.*

Paradise

Paradise on Earth. I'll not disturbe her
 With my Longer stay. Fair One, if your Lady
 Shall need any thing, you may have it with
 A thought; No lesse respect shall wait on her,
 Than if her Father still Rul'd all. The Guard
 Shall be at your Command, and attend onely
 For your Quiet, and your Safety. *Rod. Souldier*
 Th'art Noble. The Gods reward thy goodnesse.

*Exit Pallantus at one
 door, and Eudora
 led off by the Ladies
 at the other.*

C H O R U S.

HE who Unjustly sway'd the State,
 Lives no where now but in their Hate,
 There's Nothing left of him but Shame,
 Which both Preserves and Clouds his Name.
 When Civil-Beasts fall, let it be
 Call'd Slaughter, and not Victory.
 When that He dyes, that lived a Shade,
 His Sleep's Continu'd then, not Made.

Arise thou Starre of Honour here,
 And in his Stead shine round our Sphear.
 Grace thou the Throne, and let us see,
 Thy Father once more Raign in thee.
 We'l now in nought but Love Conspire,
 And no brest burn but with True Fire.
 While that such manners rule the Throne,
 Live all by his, he by his Own.

[ACTUS 5. SCENA I.]

Enter *Eudora* and *Rodina*.

End. **T**HIS Quiet we enjoy, does strike Amazement
 In me! Sure they have Slain the Body with
 The Head, which makes this Generall Calm. *Rod. Madam,*
 'Tis much more Innocent. And though that part
 Of it we find, by particular Command
 Be Order'd so; yet 'tis but an Image
 Of the Univerfall Peace that Blesses
 All the Isle. No Noise of Armes, Rapine of
 Souldiers, Tumults, Slaughters, are seen in any
 Place, but Securitie and Joy doe reign,
 As in a long and Setl'd peace. The Conspirators
 Having brought about their Great Design,
 Desire to have it seen to all the World,
 They Sought a Change, but not a Desolation.

End. Their Moderation is too Late; nor will
 It satisfie the Gods, when they have spilt
 So much Bloud, that they will Spill no more.

Rod. O Madam, how farre you wander, and are lost
 In Error! and to all your other Miseries
 Is added this, your Mistaking of the Ground
 On which you Suffer: and whether with my Duty
 It will stand, to inform you of the Right,
 I know not: Yet while there is a Charitie
 In the Rudenesse, I shall be bold to tell you,
 This Last Alteration the State has suffer'd,
 This wresting of the Scepter from your Name,
 Together with your Fathers Life; has not
 Befallen through the Impious and black

Contrivance

Contrivance of a few bloudie and ambitious
 Lords, greedie to assume the Royall Ensignes
 To themselves : but in the Name of Justice,
 And the Owner, they have made this Seizure.
 And there stands up a King, to Countenance,
 And Justifie the Fact ; a King not known
 Unto the Latter Age, a Son of Him
 From whom, with the like violence, but more
 Injustice (pardon what I say) your Father
 Formerlie did tear the Diadem.

O Madam ! Your Innocence, or Pietie,
 Or both, though you stood for many Yeares,
 So Great a Person in the State, Kept you
 From looking in this Myserie. And if
 You doubt the truth of what I have said,
 Or can suspect your Enemies Cause is pleaded
 By me : ask of the most Zealous to your House
 And Name, and you will find, I have not onely
 Declar'd a Veritie, but restrain'd by Manners
 And by Duty, conceal'd a Storie of the horrid'st
 Crueltie, that any Age or time can Parallel.

End. If this be true, our Sinnes are mightier
 Than our Suffrings ; and had we a greater Debt
 Than Life, we ought to pay it. My Miseries
 Are due to me, I was a Partie, and
 Enjoy'd my Fathers Violence and Treason.

Rod. You are as Innocent, as at that Time
 Your Age was ; and onely doe offend, in these
 Your Teares, and too much Sorrow, which on this
 Occasion shew'd excessively, is not
 To Grieve, but to Repine. The King was Old,
 And taking his Latest Leave, and 'tis hard
 To say, whether he were First oppress'd with Yeares,
 Or Vengeance. My Lord *Timon*, 'tis true,
 Was Young ; but waigeing so seaslesse and perverse
 A Warre, 'gainst Vertue, and 'gainst Justice,
 What wonder if at last he sunk in such

A Quarrell ? *End.* How ill these Words become thee
 To speak, and me to hear 'em ? Think'st thou, the Shame
 And Vices of our House, can bring a Comfort
 To me ? *Rod.* I think their Shame and Vices, Madam,
 Ought not to oppresse your Innocence.

End. As the Glories, so the Dishonours of
 A Familie reflect upon the Rest
 Of Kin. *Rod.* 'Tis the Error of the Blind
 Mistaking World, that placeth either, where
 They are not deserv'd. *End.* Can any shift off,
 With Honour, from themselves the Sad Calamitie
 That O're-whelms their House ? *Rod.* If that Calamitie
 Be the punishment of Particular Crimes,
 To dote on the Calamitie is to Allow
 The Crimes. *End.* None can be suspected to allow
 A Crime, that punish even their Innocence,
 For their Alliance to the Vitious.

Rod. Nor none can be admired for Justice more ;
 That punish Innocence on any Score.

Lady. There's one of the Adverse Party, that seems
 Of Note, desires admittance to your Highnesse.

End. See *Rodia* who it is.

Enter Lady to 'em.

Rodia goes out as to see, and returns again.

Who is it ?

N

Madam,

Rod. Madam, I Know not ! nor did I e'er see
Any like him ! His Grace and Forme admit
No Paralell ! He speaks like the Souldier
That first broke in upon us, but him
It cannot be, He was the Terror, This the Delight,
And Wonder of those that look upon him !

End. Whether will thy Unseemly Admiration
Carry thee ? In Men Beauty's the Least Part.

Rod. Madam, it appears so in him ! Yet where
Such Excellence of Form is seen, the Beauties
Of the Mind are seldome Common. He craves
Admittance to your Highnesse, and will not
Take it, before that it be granted.

End. Admit him. It will not become our State,
To deny Commands, much lesse when they Intreat.

Rodia goes out, and returns again with Pallantus richly habited.

Pal. The Kingdome owes a Sacrifice for your Life ;
All will joy to hear of it : which had it faild,
Would have pul'd more Guilt upon us, then the Sinns
Of a whole Age. *End.* It is my shame you tell me of,
And a great Share of my Grief that thus I stay
To Grieve. *Pal.* My Offensive Tongue can utter
Nothing pleasing to you ; so great are your
Misfortunes, and your Honour so tender
To you : Yet if my Bloud could Cure the Wounds
I have given you, I would not stick to make
A Balsome with it. *End.* Thou art not He
Which gave'em me. *Pal.* If my Repentance can make
Me Clear, I am not. Otherwise twas I
Who blinded with the beauty of a Rash
Revenge, tore from you all your Joyes, and with it,
Lost my Owne. *End.* Th'art strangely Alterd
If thou bee'st he ! *Pal.* Nothing so strangely
As my Hopes are. Which first appeared to me
In a shape most Heavenly, and told me
All should be as Blessed as their Form !
That if I would strike one Noble Blow,
I should remove the Numerous Wrongs and Evils
Of a Nation. But treacherously hid it
From my sight, that with the same stroke, I should
Produce One Evill, out-weighing all the rest
That I had Remedied. *End.* Why dost thou Colour thus
Thy Cruelty with Outward shew of Justice
And Compassion ? Thou hadst no Cause for that
Which thou hast done, The Wrongs were General
Thou Urgest so ; and of a Publique Nature,
And came not in the Compasse of thy Private
Vengeance ; but that thou hadst a Hand was ever prest
And ready to act a Cruelty. *Pal.* Yet I had
A Cause, pardon me that I say so, and being
That I saw not You before I did it,
A Just One. I lost a Sovereigne, as near
To me in Blond, as Love. And if this Cause
Seeme Remote, I had a Father Murdered,
Whose Death it became me to Right with Vengeance,
As it becomes you to mourn ore yours with Teares.
My self the First Prince of all this Isle,
Was drove a Fugitive to other Countryes,
My Wrongs and Innocence were my onely Guilt.
Nor did my Persecutors here give ore,

They thought too Much was Left me in my Life;
 So Poore at that time, so Orewhelmd with Miseries,
 Twas hardly from a Death to be distinguish't.
 Their injuries put a New One in me,
 And blew the Sparke unto a Flame, Consumd'em.
 Look on this ----- It may bring you Comfort,
 With making you Out-of-love with the Subject
 Of your Grief. *End. Pallantus! are you Pallantus.*

Pal. This is the first Day, I have dared to be so

End. And to all the Treason and Injustice named,
 Here's signd, *Timus!* Couldst thou be so Cruell,
 So foully Impious? Degenerate Brother!
 This hath made a Mercy of all that hath
 Befallen thee: Nay thou dost deserve
 To have thy Punishments out-Live thee;
 To have this Blasting Character engraved upon
 Thy Tombe to all Posterity. *Here lies*
The Bloudy, Treacherous, and (to make thee
Monstrous, to have thy Age joynd to it)
The Young Timus; that was subtle in
His Youth. What remains for me? That Happinesse
 The most Wretched do enjoy, is taken
 From me, A Worthy Cause of Sorrow. Now
 I can neither Live or Dye without a Staine.

Pal. Can you find yet a Resemblance but of Justice
 In my Actions? *End.* I Know not how to Answer you.
 The Tongue that can defend such Impious Deeds,
 Must be as Wicked as the Will that did
 Commit'em. Had Equity poynted all
 Your Actions out, given you Rules to work by,
 Told you how much, how farre you must have gon,
 You could not have done more Justly. There wants
 Not any thing to Crown your Judgment, but
 My Death, the onely Surviving Issue
 Of that Sinful Race: I have a long time
 Loathd my Life, and now I loath My Self too,
 I find, I know nothow, a Guiltinesse
 Possesse me; my Fathers Crimes, flow like his Bloud
 Within me. *Pal.* O say not so! Forbeare at length
 To prophane the Divine Goodnesse that dwels
 In you! It is a Sin, though You Your self
 Commit it. Shall Self-Slaughter be held a Sin,
 A Self-Slander not be Noted as a
 Greater Crime? If the first be Murder,
 So much the Soul's more Excellent than the Body,
 That the Last must be held a Sacriledge; a kind of
 Blaspheming of the Deity dwels in us.
 Take heed, while you would rather Dye, than bear
 A Staine, you pull not the Greatest on you
 By avoiding it. *End.* They that will preserve
 A pure and Spotlesse Soul, must punish even
 The least Affinity in themselves to Sin.

Pal. Be yet advised. They that too Nicely Create
 Sin where tis not, Condemn their Innocence
 When their Judgment's Faulty. *End.* Why do you thus
 Reward me Good for Evill? VVhy would you
 VVith-hold me from Perishing Justly,
 That fought to sink you in all your Innocence?
 Could my Imprecations have drove you
 To Destruction, I had had but the End
 I aimed at. *Pal.* Y're still a Judge too Cruell
 To your Self. All those Imprecations

*He gives her the Letter
 he found at the begin-
 ning in the Villaines pock-
 et that should have
 kil'd him.*

I deserv'd, as I then shew'd to you.
 But doe you Ask, Why I would save you from
 Destruction? O you have set too High a Prize
 Happinesse in That your Question, unlesse
 Your Bountie too would shew the Way, that we
 Might Hope to Effect it! How should I despise
 The proudest Honours that attend the Sword,
 In which Robbers and Ruffians may be Sharers
 With me, to win a Glory so perfectlie
 Illustrious? And could I bestow
 So Matchlesse and Divine a Benefit,
 As Your Preservation, on the World,
 people would stile me God! And though from the Earth
 I took my Being, with the Noblest of
 The Ancient *Heroes* they'd fix my Name in Heaven,
 Invest me with Diadem of Starres,
 And Robe of Immortalitie! And what is it,
 That Obstructs this Blessing to the World and Me?
 If I look upon your Innocence,
 I read a Book, in which, not onely a Few
 Finite Yeares are writ, but see an Age
 Drawn out to all Eternitie. If on your
 Losse of State; no Injurie of the World,
 No Shock of Fortune can diminish
 A True Greatnesse, That which was your Own,
 Is still On you; and sets you forth th' Example
 And Adoration, both of the Present
 And the Future World. Is it then last,
 Your Losse of Friends, or all these joyn'd together,
 That withholds this Blessing we would so Dearly
 purchase? What is there in your Condition,
 That is not to be paralleld in Others?
 Look upon my Misfortunes, and you shall find
 A perfect Sceme of all your Saddest Evils.
 I lost, as you have done, a Father, a King,
 The Second Hopes unto a Crown, the Joyes
 And Glory which doe wait on these: Nay more,
 By you I lost them. Remember what your
 Right Hand, your Father, and your Brother, did
 Take from me, what your Left, their Ministers,
 And Servants. Learn then a Strength of me (that
 Is the Worst Name for it) to bear a Change
 Of Fortune: And pardon a Fathers Death;
 Let the Innocence of Mine excuse my
 Violence to yours. We are the Wretched 'ft Two
 Alive, made so by Our Selves, and can be
 Onely Happy in Our Selves— No Beam of Joy yet?
 No breaking of a Raie of Comfort,
 From these Clouds of Sadnesse? No D^{un}g
 After this Long Night of Sorrow? Madam,
 Yet look up! Though hitherto my Comforts
 Have been Air, and unable to remove
 The weight of Grief oppresses you, yet here's
 One remaining, I dare pronounce, will prove Successfull.
 Vouchsafe to cast an Eye upon this Paper,
 That beares the Characters of your Living
 Brother, and other Friends. *End.* It is not so!
 It cannot, it must not be! Your Safeties
 Will not Suffer this; if the Sword of Warre
 Have spar'd him, That of Policie hath Cut him off.
 Forbear to Mock me thus, such Delusions
 Drive my Sorrowes to Distraction. *Pall, Madam,*

He gives Her a Paper

He lives, and with him all the Rest, whose Names
 Are there Subscrib'd; nor is there more than One
 (Could you but pardon that) of any Note
 Has lost a Life by these Late Troubles. Think not
 I have mock'd you with a Deceitfull Shew.
 I know, to have given you Happinesse,
 As you imagine, had been Twice onely
 To have Snatch'd it from you. I shall say no more
 To you, But Live as you find the Hopes true
 I have promist you. And believe when I
 Spoken this, my Life, my Honour, all that
 I possesse, and all that can be added
 To me, are a Gage Short to that I have given you.
 And till I present your Brother in Safetie
 To you, I'll never presse to enjoy again
 The Heaven of Looking on you. *Rod.* Madam, clear
 Your Spirits yet at last from these Clouds
 Of Discontent. Many Noble Comforts
 Court you on every Side; make a Truce
 With Your Sorrowes, but till you see the Issue
 Of 'em. *End.* I shall at least so far, as till
 I have prov'd this One that's promist me.

*Exit Pallantus.**Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter Cleander, Hianthe, Clearchus, Aratus, Haimantus, Phronimus,
 and Eurilochus; Shouts of the People as they Enter.*

People. Jove, Neptune, Apollo, all the Powers
 That favour Crete, preserve and bleesse the King.

Clean. Through the Happinesse of my People. May
 I know no other Joy or Blisse, but what
 First passes you, the Middle-Way of Blessings
 Between the Gods and Me. *People.* The Gods preserve
 Your Majestie.

Enter Pallantus, and Kneeles and kisses the Kings Hand.

Pall. Sir, I humbly crave your pardon,
 That thus tardily, after the people,
 And your Enemies, I present my Dutie
 To you, and wish you Happinesse. *King.* I cannot
 Be deceiv'd, thou must be, th' Inimitable,
 Matchlesse, not to be Counterfeited, or
 Resembl'd, Great *Pallantus*! Whom as none
 Can Reach to in a Noble Action, so none
 Can Equall in a Gallant presence! Nor
 Doe I wonder to see the Change wrought in thee,
 Thy Deed hath thus Transform'd thee, It sits upon
 Thy Brow, and casts a Glorie round about
 Thy Face! *Ara.* Me thinks till this Day, the Times had
 Likewise a Vizard on, a Look'd not with
 A True Face before. Sir, you shall hourly see
 New Graces, and New Glories break forth from him!

Pall. My Lord, you promise too Highlie for me.

Ara. Thou look'st sadlie after all thy Honours.

King. So my thoughts! What can be the Cause? Can he
 That has given a Nation Happinesse, want it
 Himself? Speak thy Discontent. If it lie not
 In my own Power to Remedie, I'll Sacrifice
 In thy behalf. *Pall.* Sir, low as the Earth I bow
 To you. But that which is my Grief, will be
 No longer mine alone, than while I doe
 Conceal it; 'tis a Disease, that all Good Men

Will catch with the first Fancie, and Conceale.
Justice could never yet, with all her Care,
So carve out her Punishment, but that the Innocent
Were Wounded with the Stroke, and felt the Judgement
Of anothers Sin. While with her Sword,
She Cuts off the Offending Parent, the Child
Is made an Orphan in the Cradle, and mourns
In after daies, the Crime he nere Committed.

Clean. Whither does this Sad beginning tend ?

Pal. To this Sir. As we have slain (with all Religion)
A bloody Tyrant and Ufurper; one
That was Greater in his Sins, than in the
Kingdome he purchas't by them : So too we have
Unjustly slain the Father of a Lady,
That knew not so much Guilt, as to satisfie her,
Why she lost him. And for want of his Life,
She now Contemns her Own, a Jewell
Of Inestimable Valew to all the World,
But to her self. Sir you cannot call Her
An Enemy, though her Goodnesse stood against You
So Many Years, and preserv'd her Father,
In despite of all his Sinns. It became her
To withstand the greatest Piety what ere,
If it were an Enemy to her Owne.

Hian. Her Cause of Grief is Mighty, and if Care
Be not taken, as their Faults have done the Rest,
Her Goodnesse will destroy her. We that beheld
The past Deformities, can bear Witnesse
Of her Vertues. She was the onely Mine
Of Honour, and when we had been wearied
In seeking one Grain else where, in Her
We could find a Treasure. Nor was this a Beauty
In her, set off onely with the Blemishes
Of Others, And Foyl'd by Generall Vices;
But twas a Reall, and a Native Excellence,
Which as it could not be obscur'd by Thickest
Darknesse, so neither could it be out-shined
By the most Radiant Brightnesse. *King.* Her Grief
Concerns us all, and ought to be provided for
Before our Feasts and Triumphs. *Returne*
In our Name to Her, and tell Her, be the Advantages
Nere so Eminent we have receiv'd by'em,
We truly Mourn, for whatever Losses, may be Called Hers,
Say too, in Person we had come to Comfort her,
But that we thought a Visit, in the Freshnesse
Of her Sufferings, too much Violence.
VVhat ever there remaines, that can bring a Joy
To Her, shall carefully be sought out,
And offered to her. Her Brother with many
Of her Friends are fled into the Fort,

And are there shut up---- VVould I could give'em Life---
VVhat say you my Lord? May I do this?
VVill not Mercy in this place, be Madnesse?

Ar. Sir 'twill be so in no place. You may do this,
Or any thing you have a mind too.

Even in your Suddain't; Unconsidered Thoughts,
There is a Secret Counsell, and Depth of VVisdomme;
And seeing all your Actions, Nay, all your Pleasures
Are in some Exercise of Vertue; we
VVill not crosse you in'em, but make't
Our greater Care, to see you no time Suffer
By your Goodnesse, or that your Mercy prove

A Cruelty to Your self. *Clean.* You have given me
Resolution. Haste then in the first place
Unto the Fort ('I was their desire this Morning,
To have Conference with one of Note)
And if you finde'em fit for Mercy,
Or to be made fit, offer't to'em

Exitunt Omnes.

*Enter at one doore Polyander, Menetius, Comastes, and the Captain
of the Guard; Timeus to them at the other.*

Time. No Answer yet return'd? *Poly.* Not yet Sir.

Time. One look out again. *Polyander,* I remember,
I heard thee once say, when I condemn'd thee
For thy smiles, That if there were a Cause, thou
Couldst Frown, VVhy look'st thou Sadly at this Time then?
Our Fortunes ought rather to stir our Indignation
Than our Grief. *Poly.* Sir were they my Own Misfortunes
I were under, and not yours, the Heaviest
Pressures should not move a Passion in me,
Unlesse it were some Glory, but when I look
On you a Fellow-Sufferer with me,
Remember the State from which y'are fallen,
Though in my Own Miseries I had a Heart
Of Flint and Rock, In yours I could desolv't
Into a Stream of Teares. *Cap.* Sir ther's now one arriv'd,
Has certainly brought an Answer. *Time.* Let us

Exit Captain.

Seat our selves before he Enters, that he
May see on what strength our Demands are made.
Every Man put on a Face of Mirth and
Resolution; and fancie to himself

Enter Captain.

*They all sit down about
a Table that has a Cup
of poyson on it.*

He's at a Banquet, that will refresh him,
After all his Toyle----- VVho's this? Do any
Of you Know him? *Poly.* Not I my Lord!

Enter Pallantus

Men. Nor I!

Time. Sir, Y'are VVelcome But we Invite you onely
To look on. The Liquor this Goblet holds,
Though it be Brisk, and of a Lusty Operation,
VVe cannot Commend so much for Purity,
Or help to Good Digestion. The Gods
Give not Life more Certain, than this gives Death,
Do you think you can behold the Drinking
Of it? VVould *Aratus* himself were here,
That once he might be Glutted with
A Spectacle of Death! You look Pale on us
Already. Fly Sir, while you may; for certainly
Your Enemys have a Plot upon you,
And sent you hither to take your Death in
By your Eyes. Had they none to send us,
To behold our Resolutions, but such a Trifle?

Pal. What Shape can I put on, and thou not Injure
Me in't? I never yet appear'd to thee
In any Form, but Either I found thy Scorn
Or Hatred in it! At first I was thy Fear,
As all that were Innocent did Fright thee.
And because Thou wert Guilty, I was Banisht.
Not to remove me neither, but my Death.
VVhich standing firme 'gainst any Stroke of Law,
By Treachery thou would'st have reach't it.
And when by Miracle I scapt thy Plotted
Mischiefs, by Chance thou would'st have slain me
A Stranger, and Unknown to thee: My Disguise
VVrongd thee not, nor couldest thou pretend a Quarrel
To it, more than to him that in the remotest

India drawes his breath— *Time*. I know thee now !
Thou need'st not further declare thy self !
And thou art Come past all my Wishes
To Satisfie my Regenge.

Timeus starts from the
Table, and drawes his
Sword, the rest doe
the like.

Pallantus Knocks, and a Guard rushes in.

Pall. Hold. I came
To bring Peace, and not Destruction. Doe you
Perceive yet how vain is all your Malice ?

Time. If thou art that man thou would'st seem to be,
And Equallie with Me do'st honour a Dead
Father ; yet setting by these Seconds,
Let us Singlie trie our Hatred. The Grant
Of This will please me more, then a Confession
Of all the Articles propos'd by me.
I had rather see thee Dead, or by this Meanes,
Not see thee Live, then again be Master
Of the Fortunes I have Lost. I am unfit
For Life, And shall but curse the Givers of it.

Pall. If I thought so, I'd grant to your Request,
And Kill you ; I could doe it, I have Strength
And Justice enough to make me Able.
But you are not so Bad as you suppose.
These are Despairing, not Malitious Thoughts.
Yet ere I gooe (rest assured) one way or other
I'll give you Satisfaction, I came
For that Intent. Shew me your Articles—
And last, *That thus attended we may depart*
The Isle. How poor are these Conditions !
Without more Commision I dare grant you
Better. Why these are demands within the Compasse
Of a Subjects Asking. Be not Deceiv'd,
You were not so Safe in your Own Raign,
As in your Enemies. The State is not
Translated from one Tyrannie to another ;
But a Prince governes now, which is a Name
Of Mercy as well as Power ; which He truly Knowes,
And in his first Deeds desires to shew on you.
He does not think he's then like *Jove*, when he can
Thunder, but when he can shoure down Blessings
On a Nation : Not when he is the Voyce
Of Death, but when he sits Harmlesse with the Power
Of Death about him. Revenge, Torments,
Executions, are not the Attributes
Of a King, but a Destruction. He Rivals not
The Immortall Powers in Temples, Statues,
Adoration ; but in Transcendent Vertues,
Divine performances ; the Saving, Helping
Qualities, not the Stern, and Awefull,
Are the Steps, by which he Climbes above the Heads
O'th' people, and appears a God on Earth.

Time. Why should I be a Stranger to these Vertues
More then this man ? I was not born for Lesse Things
Then He ! Certainlie, when Nature made this Frame
She intended it for the Noblest purposes !

Pall. What doe you yet Resolve, or Demand further ?

Time. How my Soul's Acquainted with these Excellent
Precepts, though it have been ever Kept
A Stranger to 'em ! how it approves, consents,
Takes part with 'em at first hearing ; even winding
And twisting with 'em, as if its Higheft Good

Here one gives him the Articles,
which he seems to run over
with his Eye, and reads the
last aloud.

He mindes not what *Pal-*
lantus says, but
continues his medita-
tion.

Were

Were in their Fellowship ! *Pall.* If you have no more
To Ask, or Hope for, hear what is Freely
Offer'd to you. Your Lives in the first place
Are granted you ; In the next your Fortunes,
Honours (in a word) whatever with Justice
You can call yours. Why look you Wildlie at this Gift
Of Grace ? It is no Wonder to the Giver
Of it, nor them which live about him, though
The Consequence may seem Dangerous.

*I were not worthie the High Name of his Vertue,
If either the perill or Offence were Lesse.
And 'tis but a Mean Expression of his
Goodnesse, to say, His Enemies were Courted
To Live by him. But presentlie you'l think,
This Offer'd Mercie is not to Save you,
But to Deferre your Death. A Vain Thought.
When can it be done more Justlie ? Or more
Safely ? Y'are as farre from those to Pittie you,
As to Help you : None but Himself has any Care
Of you. 'Tis true, there is a Lady that had
A share in you, but Injuriously
You threw her off ; nor can you claim an Interest,
When you have Neglected Her in all her Miseries :
Not in your Flight, your Articles, no not
In your Thoughts provided for Her. And had
She not fallen into the Hands of Enemies,
That were Servants too to Honour, You had
Thrown away a Jewel, that had a First Esteem
Even among the Gods. *Time.* O Sir, you have undermin'd
My Pride, and remov'd me from that Advantage-Ground
I stood on, to my Own Low Pitch. These your
Last Words come Near unto me, and make me,
With Reverence, believe all that you have spoken.
Your Vertues before did onely stir my Hate
And Envie ; but this Deed has taught me Admire you.
Nor can I doubt, there is a want of any Honour,
When you have shewn such Noble Care, in preserving
A Distressed Virgin, whom I durst not think of,
Least I should think too of Dishonour.

Pall. Sir, keep your Transportation to your self.
We doe not think Our Selves such High Deservers,
In doing that which Barbarous People
Would have done. They which would have burnt the Temples ;
Would have Knel't to Her ; and what Duties their
Want of Faith deni'd unto the Altars,
So Visible an Image of the Deitie
Would have call'd from 'em ! Think you, we could desire
To save such Enemies as you, and not
Adore an Enemie of Her Vertues ?

Time. Give me not Scorn, and Honour in the same breath.
You cannot so Nicelie, so Abstractedlie,
Conferte a Benefit on the Unfortunate
Endora, but it will Reflect on me.
Your Words besides, with a kind of God-like
power, have remov'd, not onely my Despaire
And troubles ; but like Heavens Lightning, shot into
My Soul, has torn me from my self ; burnt and
Consum'd all that was Vicious and Corrupt
Within me. Be not then Unlike the powers
You have yet resembl'd, to scorn the Person
That your Grace Converted. *Pall.* All Vertues, crown'd
With Happinesse, flourish in *Times.*

I meet you to the fullest of your Wishes,
And believe, as my Bodie is now One
With yours, my Soul is no lesse joyn'd.
I perfectlie Forgive, whatever you
Have done to me: Forget, what I have done
To You. Next, believe with This, I throw away
All Danger that does threaten you. In the last place,
Follow me whether I shall Lead you.

They imbrace.

*He casts away the poyson.
Exeunt all but Comastes.*

Com. I breath, am warm, alive all over; feel, smell, hear (but when I look on * Thee, I thank God) I taste not. I see too, and more particularlie, that 'tis not Death, but a Dream of Death onely that hangs on me; Some ill Vapours of the Spleen, bred from Noife of Warre, hearing of Murders, Varietie of Danger, and no Feasting. The King, my bountifull and loving Master, was kill'd suddainlie; his Son deferted by the Armie and the whole Kingdome, on the Newes, scap't hardie with his Life, a few friends and followers to this Fort: where, with as much adoe, we shut our Selves in, and our Enemies out; But Honour, a subtler and more pernicious Adversarie than all the rest, shuffled it self into the Hold with us, and has never ceas'd one minute since, in its Own Name, and the Name of Honestie, of the Condition we have Lost, and the Disgraces we were to expect, to present us with Halters, Daggers, Poyson, any thing that might give us (as she term'd it) a Noble End. I must confesse, I am not for these Melanchollie Things, my Ends have still lain otherwise 'Tis true, I bear on me the Dignitie of a Lord. But how? As a Pedler does his pack, upon my Shoulders, not in my Heart. And what is Honour at the best? But a bare Name onely; and not alwayes so much to me: the Title was never given me Seriousslie, but by Rascals; with my Fellow Peeres (if I pleas'd 'em in the Feast) I was my Lord *Comastes*, If not, *Comastes*-with-my-face-full-of-Sauce, and my Locks of Liqueur, my hair and beard dropping like a Wine-presse, as if my being there were not to Drink the Wine, but Make it. But again, I have a Lordship in Land to loose, as well as Title. What then? shall I sell my Life for Dirt? My Soul for a few Acres? I'll batter the World too for a Grave, and maintain't I make as Wife a Bargain. But say this Land be taken from me, pray how came I by it? Was it the Inheritance of my Noble Father, or the Purchase of my own Wit? Good Yeoman-of-the-Bottles Sleep in peace; your Sonnes Being was from you, but his Well-Being, and his Dignities, from his proper Vertues. Which as the philosopher wisely observes, *in no fortune leave the Owner*. And while the Sciences of Eating, Drinking, Fooling, and the like, are held in Estimation, I cannot want a Lordship. Farewell therefore all Dreames and Meditations of the Other World, my Making was for this; your *Elizium* with Sweet Shades, and purling Streames, does not one whit entice me, for when they have said all they can, 'tis still to be Dead, to be there. And having happilie broken from the Companie of my Noble Associates, I'll yoak no more with 'em, till I see what becomes of their Magnanimities: but thus as I am, alone, with warie steps I'll march unto the New Court; and doe not Despair, though the King and State be Chang'd, to continue still the same Man.

Exit Comastes.

Enter Pallantus, Timeus, Polyander, and Menetius.

Pall. My Lord, I beseech you attend here
Till I give notice of your Coming.

*Pallantus goes out, and returns presently again, and holds up the
Hanging for Eudora, who with transportation meets her Brother,
after whose first Encounter Pallantus withdrawes.*

End. Oh! Is it Reall, that my Armes imbrace?
Or do they Idlie thus infould a Shaddow?
Liv'st thou *Timeus*? Or are we Dead together?
And on the *Elizenm* Banks enjoy this
Meeting. Say, and confirm me. For so lost
In Miserie, so weaken'd and perturbed
With Grief are my best Faculties, that what
I doe, and what I see, I Know not.

Time.

Time. Dearest *Eudora*, I excuse thy Weaknesse;
 Nor is't a Wonder, if thy Softer Nature
 Feel these Impressions of a Potent Sorrow,
 When the like Passion disorders even
 The Strongest of my Powers, and leaves me broken
 With as great Distemper. O my *Eudora*,
 Well may we rave of Shades below, and
 An Hereafter-Being, when we have latelie
 Suffer'd such a Change, as to a Death
 May well be Equall'd. Turn, and cast thy Eye
 Upon these Miserable Reliques of our
 Former Fortunes. *End.* Yet we doe Live, my Lords,
 If they doe Live, that have a Doubtfull Death
 Still hanging o're 'em. But my *Timens*,
 I am o'rewhelm'd with Griefes, th'are parted to me
 By an Unequall Hand: my Share of Common Losses
 Is the same with Yours; and then my private Troubles
 Are no lesse than they. No sooner were the
 Transports o're I ow'd your Safetie, but Like
 The Pangs of Death these seized on my Soul.

Time. What can thy Goodnesse suffer, that's set beyond
 The reach of all I can Imagine?

End. Which way shall I begin? I dare not speak
 My Troubles; the beholding of thy present Evils,
 Forbids the Office of my Tongue. O my
Timens, thy Misfortunes are so great,
 That they render thee something Sacred
 To my Thoughts. And as with Religion
 We impale that Oak, which by *Joves* Thunder
 Has been struck, to keep't hereafter from a
 Prophaner Wrong: So Thou, by thy Misfortunes
 Struck from Heaven, seem'st Consecrated and Exempted
 From all Violation of a Mortall Tongue.
 Yet look on This, and read thy Self, those Thoughts
 I dare not utter. And though it shew but One.
 Small Line of that Vast Sceme of Crueltie,
 Design'd or Acted by thee, it may serve
 To bring the Rest into thy Mind. This Paper
 Was found in the Villaines Bosome, that should
 Have done the horrid Act, by Him that should
 Have suffer'd it. *Time.* *Eudora*, though on a
 Mind of Bloud and Guilt, this Paper, and thy Words
 Attending it, might rush with no lesse Horror,
 Than that Thunder thou now spok'st of: Yet on me,
 These Bolts and Flashes are like those Brute
 And Idle Ones, which dash 'gainst Rocks and Mountains
 Without harm. Know, that before these Wakenings
 Came from Thee, all Heavens Artillerie has been
 Empti'd on my Soul; and those Celestiall Fires
 Have wholly purg'd, nay calcin'd, and burnt up
 The Old *Timens*. And what is seen remaining
 Of his Substance, is of a Holier
 And Diviner Nature; such as admits
 No Commerce with a Sin, unlesse it be,
 Like the Religious Magistrate, to Hate,
 And Punish it. Such as dares look on all
 His Vices past, nay, bear 'em purtrai'd, and
 Blazen'd in his Banner, as the Enemies,
 And Monsters, 'gainst which he is to wage
 A Trucelesse-Warre for ever. *End.* And when *Timens*
 Shall begin his Race of Vertue, who is there
 To be found, that can Out-strip him, or bear up

*She turnes to the spectators
 and says Timeus.*

A Pace that's Equall ! O let me imbrace
 You again, my Brother ! Twice Saved, twice Restor'd
 Unto me ; and much Dearer in the Last
 Than First Gift of you. Before my Armes
 Infolded but my Comfort, but now they
 Contain, and hold their Wonder ! And know *Timens*,
 These Vertues Heaven has sent thee, are in no Idle
 Uselesse Season given thee, but bestow'd
 With as much Providence as Bountie ; when
 An Occasion Great and High Calls on 'em ;
 Say then, my Brave and Vertuous Brother,
 Say, From thy New and Changed Soul within thee,
 That Radiant, and yet Sparkling Vertue,
 From Heaven so Late descended, What Course
 Does Honour point forth unto our present
 Fortunes. What does its Sacred Lawes exact
 And Command from us. Take thus from me the State
 Of our Condition. On the One Side, Our Lives
 Are granted by our Enemies, and not
 Onely so, but we are Highly Courted
 To accept 'em, have all the Flatteries
 And Temptations, can make us Love them,
 Even Obtruded on us. On the Other,
 We have lost a Father, nay more, a Crown,
 They say, Usurpt. This Mysterie you better know
 Than I. Yet still Consider (for 'twill no lesse
 Concern our Honours to weigh this thing)
 Whether a False and Usurpt Power (being still
 The Sovereign and Highest) doe not Create
 Something of a True and Reall Greatnesse
 In the Persons that have borne it, which forbids 'em
 To Act a Second, and a Lower Part, on this
 Worlds Stage. And if in this Scrutinie, the Verdict
 Be cast against our Lives, Know 'tis not
 In Our Enemies powers to give us that,
 Which Dutie, our Higher Master, Commands us
 To throw from us ; but either thou art Oblig'd
 To shew me the Way to Death ; or 'tis expected,
 That thou Learn it from me. *Time. O Endora*,
 Thou Wonder of Vertue, thou Miracle
 Of Honour ! How fordid Low, how despicablie
 Poor is all the World beside thee ! What Noble
 Heights thy Soul does mount to, no lesse above
 The Following, than President of others !
 And shall I presume to Judge those Daz'ling-Flights,
 Which no Eye lesse Heavenlie than thine Own
 Can reach to ? Shall *Timens* ? A Trewant ?
 A Novice in the School of Vertue ?
 A Proficient but of Yesterday ? No.
Endora, pronounce boldlie what thy Soul
 Shall dictate, as to an Oracle I will submit,
 But never teach thy Vertue. If the Question
 Thou hast put be Hard, I dare not speak in't,
 'Tis *Endoras* Life : if it be Easie,
 'Twas yet her finding, and poorlie I will not
 Rob her of the Glory. *End. Alas, alas*,
 How farre I am mistaken ! Thou giv'st me Glory,
 And I need thy Pittie. Thus Children have a Sword
 Put in their Hand, when both their Hand and Sword
 Need holding by another. If I had
 Vanitie to take unto my Self the Powers
 Thou speak'st of ; yet at this time,

Like a Phisitian that's himself Distemper'd,
 My Learning and Experience serve me Nothing.
 No *Timeus*, my Reason's darken'd,
 The Clouds of Discontent obscure my soul,
 And in the Mazes of a troubled Mind
 I wander without a Clew to guide me,
 Death with his Horrors, and Dismay laid-by,
 Drest in a Form bewitching, and Uncommon,
 And waited on by Crowds of Sweets, and Pleasures,
 (As if with Love again he had chang'd his Arrows)
 Most powerfully Charms and calls me to Him!
 One while presents before me, the Famed Examples
 Of the *Romane* Fortitude, th' exalted
 Glories of those Ancient Worthies, that prefer'd
 A Noble Death, before a Life of Pleasure,
 And of Shame. And then pursues this Theam
 Of Shame, though all those steps of low Contempt,
 And Scorn, I open'd to you at the first,
 Or the Worlds Censure can be thought to blast
 The Gallant by. Life on the Other side,
 With a Deportment Sad, and Face Austere,
 Without all drefs, or shew of Blandishment,
 But with a kind of Aweful, and Divine
 Authority, forbids me hear th' Allurements
 Sung by Death; tells me, though the Notes be Sweet,
 Th' are most Pernicious, and that a *Syrene*
 Sings 'em; that the VVorlds Opinions, as her
 Pleasures, are False and Impious, and by
 The Vertuous both should be condemn'd, Opinions
 In Truth, and not in Number, take their VVeight.
 Now well I understand, when Both have Pleaded thus,
 'Tis neither Life, nor Death, the Noble should
 Desire, but Duty. The One, and Other,
 Ought to be held Indifferent: and this Third
 Alone with Passion be pursu'd. But now
 In which of these two Our Present Duty lies,
 There stands the Scruple I am troubled with,
 There stands the Doubt I would have Solv'd. For when
 I dare meet Death in any Form, I would not
 Have it said *Eudora* forfeited the Belief,
 Of having a Diviner soul, while through Fear,
 Like a Plant or Vegetable, she clove
 To a Being on this Earth. Nor yet, when
 I have Greatnesse enough to look on Life,
 In the most Frowning and Unpleasing Aspect,
 That unequall to my Miseries, Out-fac'd
 With Troubles, I poorly fled my Station
 In this World, and Crept into the Calm of Death
 To seek my Peace. Like Boasters thus playing
 The Coward under a Masque of Vallour.
Time. *Eudora*, this part of your Philosophy,
 That Life and Death ought neither to be Consider'd,
 But as they may Conduce unto our Vertue,
 None more firmly does imbrace than I.
 Nor in the Dayes my Soul was tainted with
 The Blackest Crimes, was an Unmanly Fear;
 Ere part of that my Guilt. And yet *Eudora*,
 I must say, I see no reason, more than
 The Scruple, the Reputation of thy Question
 Put into me, why the Prolonging of
 Our Lives should be Dishonourable to
 Either of Us. And if it be Duty that calls us

To our Death, it will not be hard to shew
 Where that Duty is set down. If the Worlds
 Opinion onely, what that Opinion is,
 Thou hast already spoken. Thy words import
 Beside, that the Discontented, Passionate,
 Vain-glorious, obtain not, by their Contempt
 Of Life, the Honours of a Noble Death :
 But Those alone, who have no Other Way,
 To save their Vertue. So that, 'twas not *Rome's*
Cato, or her *Porcia* which deserv'd this Crown ;
 But her *Curtius*, her *Regulus*, her *Decius*.
 And if any do Object, that the first
 Of these, were also Highly Vertuous,
 I readily confesse it : but all that
 The Vertuous do, is not alwaies Vertuous.
 This is an Immunity of the Gods,
 And not of Good-Men. And though One Common
 Glory belong'd unto the Lives of Both
 Of these, the Glory of their Deaths was farre
 Unequal. The One sought Themselves, the Other
 Sought their Duty To bring all this home to Thee
Endora, Remember that thy Vertue's
 Courted, thy Honour's safe, no way Assaulted.
 But ador'd. And then for Thee to think of Death,
 Is Idle, Vain, or Scrupulous ; Error,
 And not Vertue ; Superstition, and not
 Duty, nay worse, 'tis Dire and Impious ;
 Something that might Sute perhaps, with the Foul Deeds
 Of *Timeus* former Life, but not with
 The Fairer Actions of *Endora*.

Enter Pallantus.

Pall. How like a Skie troubled with Clouds and Meteors,
 That Heavenly face appears ! The most Propitious
 Aspects from on High, shine on their present
 Councils. I fear some Deadly Maxime governs,
 And guides their Consultation, *End. Timeus,*
 This is the Time allow'd us to work out
 To Our selves, an Everlasting Honour.
 If we let-slip the Opportunity,
 W're lost unto a Noble Name for ever.

Time. *Endora*, there's little danger of an Error,
 Or Omission there, where neither Will,
 Nor want of Care betray'd the Business held
 In Consultation. *End.* For should we think
 To Reassume again hereafter, our
 Councell's now laid-by ; Our Neglect at present,
 Would not be look'd on as an Error, but
 A most Wretched Poorness ; and our best Pretences
 Be judg'd a pittiful afflicted Folly.

Time. There is but one Particular I know
 Can hinder, in *Endora*, the Choyce of Life,
 From being just, and truly Honourable.

End. There spoke my Noble Brother ! That, that particular
Timeus ! That Particular is Undoubtedly
 The thing we have so long been searching for,
 And never found till now. *Time.* 'Tis this *Endora*,
 That thou be well perswaded and assur'd,
 Of what thou put'st in Act : for the most Just
 And Lawful Action perform'd with Doubting,
 Becomes Unlawful. *End. Timeus,* I thank you,
 For your Reproof ; I shall believe it seasonably
 Given me. It has awak'd me, and no longer
 Will I hover in a Doubtful Mind ; 'Tis true,

This sence you have delivered, coming to me
 From another Hand, I held suspected;
 Thought it not safe, too hastily to Credit it,
 From you: But seeing you do not onely Affirm,
 But Abide and stand in this your Sentence:
 I likewise as an Undoubted Truth, will
 Accept, and rest upon it.---Say now *Timens*,
 Do you know yond Person, that did Conduct you
 To this place? *Time*. Know him, *Eudora*! Yes,
 When he wander'd in Remotest Nations,
 My Fears held Intelligence on his Motions;
 When first he set his Foot within this Land,
 My Spirit, by a kind of Antipathy,
 Did feel it. In his Disguise I knew him.
 There is no Place, or Shape he can be Hid in,
 But my Soul would find him. He was the Meteor first,
 That hung with Direful Threats ore my Impiety.
 But since the Auspicious Star, that lead me,
 Both to Honour, and to Life. 'Tis the Valiant,
 Vertuous, and Heroick Prince *Pallantus*!
Eud. My Obligations are no less to him,
 Than yours. Too long we do neglect him,
 And having once resolv'd to accept of Life,
 We ought to acknowledge it to Him that
 Gave it us. Let us joyn our Thanks together.

*Here they both go to Pallantus, who sees them not, till Eudora
 begins to speak, but then as one surprized he turns to them.*

Eud. My Lord—we come to acknowledge our Lives,
 To have been your Gift, and in no Common way
 Bestow'd upon us. Mercy must be allow'd
 A share i'th' Act; but had not your Honour,
 And Prudence, wrought more Effectually,
 The Other Vertue had been Useless to us.
 As you are the Greatest, Bravest, most Glorious
 Person of this your Age; may you be likewise seen,
 The most Fortunate, and most Happy.

Pall. *Eudora*, like the Gods, when she Sayes happiness,
 She Gives it. But what thanks shall I, and all
 The World with me, return for the Unvaluable
 Benefit, she acknowledges Received,
 But is indeed Conferr'd on us, The Conservation
 Of her Life? *Rod.* Madam, the King's hard by,
 Coming, as 'tis said, with an intent
 To visit you. *Eud.* The King! *Pall.* Tis true Madam.
 I had it in command from him, to say,
 He was a Suter to you, to admit
 A Visit from him; *Eud.* What will you do, *Timens*,
 With your self? *Time.* Not willingly meet him
 At this time. *Pall.* My Lord, you need not, you may
 Withdraw. I believe too, a fitter time
 May be found to present you to him.

Enter Rodia.

*Exeant Timens,
 Poly. Menetius.*

*Enter Cleander, Clearchus, leading Hiantbe, Melissa,
 Aratus, Haimantus, Phronimus, and Eurylochus.*

Clean. Madam, fall not so low; too much already
 We have Dejected you, and gladly would
 Descend our selves, to raise you Higher.
 Yet look on that Majesty the Gods have
 Enthron'd in you, your Matchless Vertues,

Eudora offers to kneel.

And Divine Perfections, and you will see
 Not onely there's none Above you, but none
 Can be found your Peers. Our Visit, is in wish
 To Comfort you ; and we hope, while our Higheft
 Vowes are such, you will not scorn the Offer,
 Though from your Enemies ; your Enemies,
 By Fate, and Fortune Madam ; by Design,
 And Will, your vow'd and perfect Servants. *End. O Sir,*
 Permit me to throw my self before your Feet !
 It is not fit I stand an equal Height,
 With Majesty and Vertue, so much Above me.
 What hateful Name, and by the World abhorr'd,
 Is due to me, when you have call'd to Your self
 An Enemy ? If you are One, 'tis to
 Your own security, in preferring thus
 Your Mercy, before your Peace. Y've given me,
 And my Brother Life, to bring your own in danger,
 And Remov'd our Grief, which may hereafter
 Cause it to your self. Sir, think me Unworthy,
 But not a Scorner, of these Favours. I know
 To weigh both my Losses, and Obligations
 To you. *Clean.* If you will make us happy,
 To partake hereafter our Joyes with us,
 With you we will observe your Dayes of Mourning.
 Count all your losses Ours ; with most Obsequious Rites
 Adorn the Dead ; remember, and lament him,
 As a common Parent. *Hian.* None, Madam,
 With so high a Confidence, can wish you
 Comfort, as my self ; who in so long, and sad
 A Night of sorrow, knew none, but what you gave me.
 Be Favourable still to me, and grant me
 A time to pay 'em back ; be favourable
 To the Age in the same Grant ; your Name will bless
 Its Annals, while it has leave to boast,
 Not onely its own Vertues, but all the former Years
 Could justly Glory in. *Clean.* Fame, thou spok'st loudly
 Of these Ladies, and yet thy Voyce was narrow
 In their praise.

*Enter Comastes creeping behind the backs of the Company,
 who severally make their Addresses to Eudora.*

Com. I have Past hitherto,
 And perceive no great Alteration.
 I thought the subversion of a State,
 Would have chang'd the form o'th' Houses, and the Streets.
 It has not shifted a sute of Hangings here.
 Yonder's our Princess too ; I am among Friends.
 Now Fortune direct me, which is the King —
 The Least-Change that e'er I saw. Nay, then
 I perceive, I may e'en do what I list.

Ara. My Lord *Comastes* ! Faith this was kindly done,
 To make the King a Visit. *Com.* Your servant

My Lord. I hope you have forgot the little
 Unkindness, which past betwixt Your Lordship,
 And my self, and will speak a Noble Word

In my behalf unto the King. *Ara.* Ha, ha, ha,

Would'st thou be Fool again ? *Com.* No my Lord,
 You know I was never call'd so in the Last Reign.

Ara. Ha, ha, ha, Why I tell thee, the King's too serious.
 He never Laughs, nor Smiles, but very seldom,

And then 'tis still in Approbation,

Of something Excellent. He hates a Jest. Look,
Twice h'as cast his Eye upon thee, and yet
Keeps his Countenance : Despair of ever Pleasing him,
There's no Buffoonrie can come from thee,
So Ridiculous, as thy present Misery:

Clan. My Lord — Who's that? *Ara.* One Sir that was Master
Of the Dead King's Mirth, he never laugh without
His Allowance. I was in's Power to have jested
The best Head off in the Kingdome: Yet I think
He was guilty of no worse Crime, than ^{the} *Lunary*.

Clean. What does he expect? *Ara.* To hold the same place
Under you. *Clean.* Sir, we understand you,
And your Desires. Go, leave the Court; be not
Seen in't after this day, upon your Life.

And look warily to your Actions,
If you shall deserve the Lightest Punishment,
The Heaviest shall fall on you. *Ara.* Stay my Lord——
Sir, you have Doom'd him, as if you had been Witness
Of his Follies, and were there not hopes he might
Redeem the Life he has so ill spent,
A weightier judgement were deserv'd by him.
Sir, I beseech you let me intreat for him,
He's yet Young, and if he have Leave, may be
Vertuous Continue Sir, as you have begun,
To Change the Men, and not Destroy 'em.
He thrust himself with confidence on your Mercy,
Let it not be said, that that was a Snare to any.
Besides, Sir, you have made this Place a Sanctuary,
To All that can claim an Interest

In that Excellent Lady. *Clean.* My Lord, I would
Be ever taught thus by you. Sir, I recal
What I have said, and wish to see those Vertues,
We hope in you. *Com.* I'll not despair Sir,
To be Master of 'em, 'Twas the desire
Of Favour with my King, that made me what
I was before, and shame now to Remember.
But seeing I am to please another way,
And make Vertue my Endeavour, Unwearied
In those Rougher Waies I'll toyl to gain your Smiles.

He kisses the Kings hand

Clean. My Lord, having weighed the Necessity
Of your Voyage, I shall not with unseasonable
Complements importune your stay, but rather
Give my best Assistance both to make it
Prosperous, and your Return more speedy.
We have ordered a Fleet, my Lord, to attend
On your Designs, not so much inferior
In Number of Men and Vessels to your own.

Clean. Sir, too profusely you bestow these large
Benefits upon me, without naming all
Conditions, or share of Venture with me.

Clean. Conditions, my Lord? Hereafter Ages,
That have forgot our Obligations,
May make Articles between our Nations,
But ours must ne'er know any; we cannot
Be Losers by you, from whom we have received
All that we possess. *Pall.* My Lord, I am
An humble Sutor (if I may obtain
His Majesties leave) to be allow'd a place
In this your Voyage. The Kingdom sends forth none
More Useless to it, than my self; none that
With more reason seeks the Tumults of a War,
To cure the Troubles of an unquiet Mind.

Clear. My Lord, you hold the palm out to me;

In this offer of your Company. Victory,

I know, will follow, which way so ever you

Turn you. I shall be proud to serve my self

Under so Brave a Conduct. *Clear.* This Accession

Likewise, my Lord, I shall be willing to grant

Unto your Voyage; but still that your Return

May be more Speedie. Yet I hope we have

A Gage in this Lady more powerfull than

All Others, One that will put an Edge unto

Your Sword, and Sailes unto your Vessels.

Clear. Sir, in Her Name alone I doe pursue

This Voyage, and in Her Name alone,

Shall hope a prosperous and speedie Issue.

Pall. Madam, though a Hard Fate, or Fortune no lesse

Cruell, has set me for ever at a Hated

Distance to you. Yet another power,

No whit Inferior to the Former, Commands me,

To direct all my Actions to your Service.

And however Unaccepted, nay Unknown,

To you, I pay these Devotions, yet

Constantlie to pay them still. In Obedience

To this Power I have engag'd my self unto

This present Voyage; an Undertaking

To me, without Design, without all Fruit:

But either, as I hope, by some Fam'd Action

To adde a Glory more unto your Name,

Or by my Seasonable Destruction,

For ever to remove a Hated Object

From your Sight. *End.* My Lord, while you strive to conferre

More Glory on me than I dare Assume,

You take some from me, which I may justly Claim;

And Blast my Honour, while you seek to Raise it,

Wrongfullie you Charge both my Innocence

And Clearnesse, when you say, I Hate you,

Or can be pleas'd with your Destruction.

I have already Acknowledg'd the Highest

Benefits receiv'd from you, offer'd my Vowes to Heaven

In your behalf: and though, when these are once paid,

They doe not there take End: Yet to repeat them

Of unto Your Self, would ill become

Eudora's tongue, and lesse the greatnesse of

Pallantus Eares. But if what's already past

Be too little to assure you, your Ruine's

No Part of my desires, by this Double Sute

I shall seek to confirm you further. First,

That you will be pleas'd to take my Brother

This Voyage with you. And let this perswade you,

I seek not your Destruction. Next, that you will

Obtain me leave to retire from Court, to pay

That Debt of teares in quiet, I have so long

Ow'd unto the Dead. And this no lesse ought

To assure you, I cannot Hate that person,

By whom I seek so farre to be Dispos'd of.

Pall. Madam, you have given me a Happiness,

Which neither Envie, Malice, nor the worst

Of Fortune can take from me.

You have set me the Onely man above

The Stroke of Fate. Whatever you desire,

After your Own manner, and in your own Time,

Will be permitted to you; and you may command

Not onely for your self, but in the behalf

Of Others. And may, I hope, after these Dayes
 Of Mourning are expir'd, to see again
 That Joy return into your Face, which I
 Was never yet so blest'd as to behold?
 And shall in that Day a Servants Humblest Sute
 Take place; which now his High Respects forbid him,
 Even to Name to you? *End.* Now first, My Lord,
 I have seen a Weaknesse in you; but yet
 I shall thus farre Remember you. That the
 Gallant Ask not their Fortunes, but they Make 'em.
 A more Direct Answer I must not give you.
 And if it appear hard to you, that I refuse
 To Prophecie in that, I may seem so well
 To Know my Resolutions; ask the same Question
 Of those that have been held the most Allowable,
 And wise Diviners in your present Case,
 Your Vertue, Honour, Obligations to me;
 And hear what they will say. Perhaps they'l Doubt,
 Or Hide their Skill; if they doe, Excuse a Virgins
 Silence, when such bolder Oracles make no Reply.

Pall. Madam, let me kisse your hand — I beg your pardon.

No further shall I provoke you with my
 Disorder'd Passion, though I know, nothing
 But my Wonder can be encreas'd by your
 Replies. Your Wisdome, Honour, Beauty,
 All Incomparable, shall be the Incitements
 Of my Actions unto Glory, in hope
 They may hereafter prove their Crown and Ornament.
 In the mean time I shall seek to know no other thing
 But this, How most Worthilie I may approve
 My Self your Servant. *Clean.* And Madam
 If favourable you shall admit him
 In that qualitie, we All will glory
 To wear the same Title. And think not, that
 A Single Person Courts you, but in a
 Single Person, th' Interest of the Kingdome.
 Even thus Divided I acknowledge Yee Both
 To be the Chiefest Glory of your Country,
 But when Yee shall be joyn'd Yee'l adde yet more
 Unto her Happinesse, and be no lesse
 Her peace, and her Securitie. But I
 Anticipate the Blessings of another Day,
 When my Dutie commands me to give thanks
 For those I have receiv'd on this. And hitherto
 Our Kingdome, hath been like the Kingdome of
 The Gods, Felicitie has succeeded
 To Felicitie, and Joyes have Crowned Joyes.
 And should this Day Conclude what it hath Begun,
 I have yet reign'd a Perfect Reign; having
 Beheld in Few Houres, the Strange and Various
 Changes of an Age.

*Cleander when he speaks,
 takes Eudora in
 one hand, and Pal-
 lantus in the other.*

Exeunt Omnes.

This Play being Design'd for an entertainment of the King and Queen at York-House,
 at the Nuptials of the Ladie *Mary Villers*, and the Lord *Charles Herbert*, had Scenes fitted
 to every Passage of it throughout, and the last in this place was a Funerall Pile, bearing
 on the top the body of the Dead Tyrant, and set out with all the Pomp the Ancients
 us'd in those Ceremonies. This Scene consisted onely of Musick and Shew; on the one
 side of the Pile stand a Consort of Musicians, representing the Priests of the Land, and on
 the other side of it another, representing the People.

People. *Sacred Peans to Mars sing,
Notes of Triumph, not of Woe,
Hence your Ewe and Cypressse fling,
Who adorne a Trophy so?
These are the Spoyle of our Great Enemy,
Hang Garlands on them of the Lawrell Tree.*

1. Priest. *Hence impure and bloody Voyce,
Far be from our Mysteries,
Bidentals are Joves proper Choyce,
Holier than the Sacrifice,
Each Unskilfull Hand and Rude,
At his Alter dares obtrude.*

Here all the Principall Persons of the Play enter in Mourning.

2. Priest. *Touch not then with Lips prophane,
What Heav'ns Fire hath purified,
Teares have washt away his Stain,
His Black Deeds his Bloud hath died.
He for his Sinnes hath paid, with Death and Sorrow,
His Credit's more that Payes, than doth not Borrow.*
Chor. *He for his Sinnes hath paid, with Death and Sorrow.
His Credit's more, &c.*

People. *Yet still you must allow a Fault,
And that by Death his Body ought
To Expiate Offences Higher,
Then purge if Sulphur, Salt, and Fire.
Least your too partiall Favour this way bent,
Excuse the Ill, and Blame the Innocent.*

Chor. *Least your too partiall Favour this way bent,
Excuse the Ill, &c.*

About the middle of the last Stanzo, *Timens* puts a lighted Torch to the bottome of the Pile which gives fire to some Perfumes laid there on purpose; the which wraps the Pile in smoak, and smells ore all the Roome. At the End of the Song the Curtain falls, and shuts both the Scene and Actors from the Beholders Sight.

F I N I S.
